Presented to
F M Woodard
by his friend
Lem. Long.
of
Greenville, Ill.
Nov. 15th 1896.

Rock Well was
the residence of
Elder Peter Long
the author, a
pioneer, and
noted Baptist
minister in
Bond county.
He had a printing
outfit, and pub-
-lished a monthly
church paper

THE

WESTERN HARP,

OR

HYMNS, SPIRITUAL SONGS,

AND

SACRED POEMS,

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS,

BY PETER LONG.

Editor of "Western Evangelist," &c.

"*And they sung a new song. And I heard the voice of Harpers, harping with their harps.*" *Rev.* 5: 9 & 14: 2.

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SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE
TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE favorable manner in which the "Harp" has been received, by the christian public, has induced the author to issue a second edition; corrected and much enlarged. One thousand copies, have been disposed of (mostly by sale) in less than two years, without resorting to the usual plans to facilitate the sale of similar publications. It is but too common for works, original or compiled, to be favorably reviewed by interested partizans, and public opinion to be forestalled in their favor only to be disappointed in their perusal. The Harp was first offered to the public with diffidence, and without eulogy, and with some defects in its mechanical execution; but notwithstanding all these disadvantages, it has been called for, more or less in quantity, in more than half of the States in the Union: and frequently calls have been repeated at the same place. The workmanship in the present edition we presume will be satisfactory, while the reading matter is increased more than one third.

He must be a superficial observer, who does not see, that most compositions and selections of devotional poetry at the present day, are greatly wanting in spirituality, when brought in contrast with those published fifty and a hundred years ago. True indeed selecters retain without much alteration, many of the most beautiful pieces of Watts, Newton, Hart, Fawcett and others; yet they too often mingle with these, light pieces, that can boast little else beside measured syllables, and perhaps a decent jingle of rhyme—others still more objectionable, amount to nothing but a clumsy advocacy, of some modern scheme or notion.

To "sing with the spirit and understanding also," is a standing injunction, and one that our forefathers seem to have understood and followed better than we do. What christian can read the authors referred to, or peruse Rippon's old but admirable selection for an hour, without rising from his seat more spiritually minded than when he sat down, and with a greater thirst for that promised rest, where the glorified millions incessantly sing "worthy is the Lamb?" Lloyd's "Primitive Hymns" is one of the few re-

cent selections, that retain the unction of former times—Miller's and Dupuy's collections, can also be favorably noticed in this light.

One desirable object with the author of this little work has been to consecrate his humble abilities, in conjunction with those of the past and present age, to promote by precept and example, the worship of Jehovah "in spirit and in truth." And while he feels to lie at the feet of many who have preceded him, he does not use it as an argument that he should drop his pen altogether, since one age cannot do the work assigned to another; nor can a man (however great his abilities) perform the work of his brother of inferior capacity, and thus exonerate him; each one must stand in his own place."

A late reviewer of a favorite selection of Hymns, says, "it contains nearly all the old popular hymns," and then remarks with more wit, than argument, "old hymns are like old friends, better than new ones." While we are far from disparaging old friends, or old hymns, or exchanging them for new ones; it is but justice to remark, that the old were once new, and the new will some time become

old, and if they are of congenial character both may be acceptable without collision. Singing is not only one part of worship of the church militant; but appears to constitute a proportionally greater part of the exercise of "the just made perfect," and if the saints on earth were to devote more of their time to this delightful service, they would have stronger desires for heaven and less relish for vain conversation—nor would the increase of this exercise, have any bad effect upon community at large—for although nothing but the spirit of God can renew the heart, sacred music has been known to allay evil passions, and indeed we hold it unanswerably true, that God blesses every thing of his own appointment, when ever performed in a proper spirit and manner.

We would here remark, that the *Poems* inserted were not designed to be sung but merely to be read. To refinement of language we have not aspired, but leave the reader to draw such comparisons as he pleases between this and works claiming a superiority, without expecting applause from the critic, or dreading his censure.

And now with a desire that it may in-

jure no one, and prove a blessing to some of the sons and daughters of Adam, we dedicate it to that good and glorious being, of whom a sacred Bard has said—

"Whatever to our God belongs,
Is always worthy of our songs;
And all his works and all his ways,
Demand our wonder and our praise."

THE AUTHOR,

Rock Well, August 1st, 1850.

REGENERATION.

HYMN 1.—8, 7.

1 All ye who love Immanuel's name
Come listen to my story;
And whilst ye hear, adore the Lamb,
The King of grace and glory.
He has redeem'd my soul from Hell,
Has all my sins forgiven;
And promised me that I shall dwell
Forever more in Heaven.

2 I, like the rest of Adam's race,
By nature prone to evil,
Despis'd the name of Sovereign grace,
And chose to serve the Devil.
Through all my giddy youth I ran
The road that leads to ruin;
I little thought of what I'd done,
Or what I still was doing.

3 When thoughts of death and judgment
With all-convincing reason, [came,
I promis'd I would think of them
At some convenient season.

But oh how quickly pass'd away
This transient melancholy,
And I return'd another day,
To former vice and folly.

4 At length I heard how many men
By sudden deaths were dying,
And thousands more, forsaking sin,
Were loud for mercy crying.
I thought it soon might be my lot
To reach a world of spirits;
But who could hear the piercing tho't
Without the Savior's merits?

5 The gospel preach'd at length I heard,
Which came like peals of thunder,
And that my wretched life was spared
O'erwhelm'd my soul with wonder,
I thought the whole creation joined
To ridicule and slight me;
My former friends appear'd unkind,
And nothing could delight me.

6 I to the silent groves betook,
With mournful lamentation;
While nature, with an angry look,
Proclaim'd my condemnation.
As prostrate on the ground I lay,
My anguish growing keener,

The trees and leaves appear'd to say,
"Thou poor abandon'd sinner!"

7 In vain I strove to sin no more,
In vain I cried for pardon;
My heart, tho' hard as stone before,
Continued still to harden.
Yet when I cried again, "O Lord
Prepare my soul for Heaven,"
Methought a glorious voice I heard—
"Thy sins are all forgiven."

8 My sorrows fled, my fears were gone,
My heart was fill'd with pleasure;
I'd found the pearl of price unknown,
The glorious hidden treasure.
The sun with brighter splendors beam,
And all the whole creation
Appear'd united in the theme
Of Jesus and salvation.

9 I hope while here on earth I live,
To love, adore, and fear Him;
And when in heaven I arrive,
To dwell forever near Him.
I hope, with an immortal tongue,
To tell the pleasing story,
And sing an everlasting song,
In shining worlds of glory.

Hymn 2. L. M.

1 Come, see a man who told me all
I ever did, or said, or thought;
Who well described my guilt and thrall,
And all my crimes before me brought.

2 Is not this man the Lord of Hosts,
Who left the mansions far on high.
Who visited these earthly coasts,
And died, that I might never die?

3 Tis Jesus; in his spirit's power—
He caus'd me to abhor my sin,
And in a kind, propitious hour,
Wash'd my polluted conscience clean.

4 I love this man, and while I live [die,
Would serve him; and when call'd to
May he my willing soul receive,
To praise him to eternity.

Hymn 3. C. M.

1 See the youth whose vain delusion,
Led him from his father's home;
See he riots in profusion,
Till distress forbids his roam.

2 While the swine on husks are feeding,
Sad reflections pain his heart,

No one hears his earnest pleading,
When with them he begs a part.

3 Here he cries I die with hunger,
When I may at plenty come;
In this land I'll stay no longer,
But repenting hasten home.

4 All my num'rous sins confessing
At my fathers feet I'll fall;
When he sees them so distressing,
He perhaps will pardon all.

5 This is all the hope I cherish,
When my father I shall meet,
And if I at last must perish,
Let me perish at his feet.

6 Can I claim with him relation?
Can I hope to win his grace?
Let me fill the lowest station,
Let me seek a servant's place.

7 Now the Prodigal returning.
Hear him breathe the contrite prayer,
All the way his follies mourning,
Filled with anguish near despair.

8 Yet he gains his fondest wishes;
See the weeping father run,
Falling on his neck he kisses,
His distress'd rebellious son.

9 Take the garments full of loathing;
Hark the Father gives command;
Bring the best the finest clothing,
And with rings adorn his hand.

10 Feast my friends on this thanks-giving;
Spread the joyful tidings round,
He I mourn'd as dead is living,
He I sought as lost is found.

11 Thus the gracious KING of heaven
Brings the wandering rebel home,
Speaks at once his sins forgiven,
Meets him while he tries to come.

12 Heaven and Earth at once rejoices
Saints and angels join the theme,
With melodies hearts and voices,
"Hallelujah to the Lamb."

HYMN 4, C. M.

1 The dying Savior's words of love
To the repenting thief,
Made all his guilt and fears remove,
And gave him sweet relief.

2 "When thou shalt come, remember me,"
The malefactor cries.
"To-day," says Jesus, "thou shalt be
With me in Paradise."

3 The man appears to say no more,
But in composure died,
In view of Canaan's happy shore,
Completely satisfied.

4 Now thousand years have roll'd away,
And still his spirit sings
The pardon he received that day,
From Christ, the King of Kings.

5 Like him I was condemn'd to die,
And justly doom'd to Hell,
And hardly dar'd to cast an eye,
Towards Immanuel.

6 But when all hope had nearly fled,
I cried, "remember me."
"Thy sins are pardon'd," Jesus said,
"Thou shalt my glory see."

7 O how can thought conceive the grace,
Or human language tell,
How much that name I ought to praise,
Who ransom'd me from Hell.

8 O May I, when unnumbered years
Their joyful rounds have roll'd
His name adore above the spheres,
Upon a harp of gold.

Hymn 5. 7. 6.

1 Thou everlasting fountain

Of mercy, truth, and love;
O take away this mountain,
This load of guilt remove.
Preserve me from the danger
Of never ending woe,
And let a ruin'd stranger
Thy pard'ning mercy know.

2 Thus I address'd the Savior,
In a desponding cry,
And trembling, thought I never
Should dwell with him on high;
But soon my fears were ended,
For Jesus said to me,
I have thy soul befriended,
And thou my face shalt see.

3 When all the old creation
Like snow shall melt away,
The children of salvation
Shall dwell in endless day:
And in that happy number
Thou shalt be counted one;
I will your name remember,
And own you as a son.

4 Dear Savior, what a promise
To all the chosen race;
For Satan can't take from us
Thy free eternal grace.

Display thy mighty power,
And make the tempter flee,
And bring the happy hour
When I shall dwell with thee.

Hymn 6. C. M.

1 Ye men who in the city dwell,
And wonder that I ran,
Come, go with me to Jacob's well,
And see a wondrous man.

2 While I was there this man appear'd,
A stranger in my view;
But one whose looks and words declar'd
He was a wandering Jew.

3 I thought at first his manners rude,
To ask a drink of me;
And answered him in haughty mood,
Why such a thing should be:

4 This mountain is my place of rest,
We never deal with you;
Then tell me why this strange request,
From one who is a Jew.

5 Ah! didst thou know, the stranger cried,
The one that speaks to thee,
Thou wouldst have ask'd nor been de-
[ni'd
For gifts more rich, more free:

6 A living stream, divinely pure,
Thy spirit should renew,
And make thee bless, forever more,
The now rejected Jew.

7 With arguments I fill'd my mouth,
But ev'ry effort miss'd;
He answer'd with such force and truth,
I could not dare resist:

8 He told me all my former ways,
Of worship false and true;
And that salvation was of grace,
Through him who is a Jew.

9 I, in astonishment, forgot
With what intent I came;
And ran and left my water-pot,
Messiah to proclaim.

10 Now, ye who in the city dwell,
No more your sins pursue,
But go with me to Jacob's well,
And see the wand'ring Jew.

11 Like this poor woman long I lay
In wretchedness and sin,
Till Christ in mercy passed that way,
My worthless heart to win;

12 He told me all I ever did,
And what I never knew;

Then my ungrateful spirit led
To love the wand'ring Jew.

13 My fellow men where'er you dwell.
I call to all around;
Come, go with me to Jacob's well,
For there is mercy found.

14 Its waters shall disperse your strife,
Your carnal minds renew,
And fill you with eternal life,
Through Christ, the wand'ring Jew,

Hymn 7. L. M.

1 Behold O Lord how vile am I,
How guilty helpless and undone,
Condemn'd by justice see me lie,
And plead for mercy at thy throne.

2 Behold in sin I was conceived,
And shapen in iniquity,
And since I drew my breath I've liv'd,
In devious ways estrang'd from thee.

3 No labor of my sinful hands
Can extricate me from thy law,
Can satisfy its just demands
Or comfort from its precepts draw.

4 The cattle on a thousand hills,
Did I possess them were too few,

To make atonement for my ills,
Or hide me from the Judge's view.

5 A broken heart and weeping eyes,
Is all the of'ring Lord I bring;
Accept the humble sacrifice,
Through Jesus my atoning king.

Hymn 8.

1 A man went down to Jericho,
(A place of ill report you know,)
And by a clan engag'd in theft,
Was wounded, robb'd, and naked left.

2 A priest and Levite passing by,
Beheld his grief but came not nigh,
At length a kind Samaritan,
Found, and relieved the suffering man.

3 First dress'd his wounds with oil and wine,
Then bore him to a friendly Inn,
Paid present dues, and pledg'd the sum
Of all expenses yet to come.

4 This striking parable displays,
A true narration of my case,
Wounded and robb'd alas! was I,
And human helpers pass'd me by.

5 At length a pitying stranger came,
(Twas Jesus) blessed be his name;

Pour'd in the oil and wine of grace,
And clothed me with his righteousness.

6 He led me to his Father's Inn,
Kept by his servants, (holy men,)
Paid former debts—a heavy score,
And all to come, forevermore.

7 O how shall human language raise,
An equal song of grateful praise?
To honor this Samaritan,
Speak, ev'ry angel—ev'ry man!

THE GOSPEL.

Hymn 9. L. M.

1 And did the trembling jailor cry,
With contrite heart and weeping eye,
My soul to save what shall I do?
Or how escape impending woe?

2 Believe on Jesus Paul replied,
Believe on Jesus crucified;
He that receives the Lord by faith,
Is rescued from the second death.

3 Methinks I hear the voice, to-day,
Of those who seek the heavenly way,
We feel ourselves unhappy too,
And fain would ask, what shall we do?

4 No other answer can we give;

Believe on Jesus Christ and live;
The only sin-atoning Lamb,
To-day, as yesterday—the same.

5 Not mournful cries, nor floods of tears,
Nor bended knees, for thousand years,
Can buy a seat in heaven above,
But all is free thro' Jesus' love.

6 Trust in his merits and rejoice—
Blest is the man that hears his voice;
The joyful sound disperses strife,
And ushers in eternal life.

Hymn 10. S. M.

1 As Moses lifted up
The serpent on the pole,
So Jesus Christ presents a hope,
To every sin-sick soul.

2 For God so loved our race,
He gave his only Son,
To suffer in the sinner's place,
And raise him to his throne.

3 Then seek his lovely face,
And to the Savior fly;
The soul that trusts his righteousness
Shall never, never die.

Hymn 11. C. M.

1 Blest is the happy man, who hears

The gospel's joyful sound,
To sooth his heart, to quell his fears,
And heal his ev'ry wound.

2 It lifts the mind, from things below
To better things above;
It makes the lips with praise o'erflow,
And fills the soul with love.

3 Redeem'd by blood, and call'd by grace,
His journey soon shall end,
And bring him to behold the face
Of his Almighty friend.

4 Where Zion's holy hill appears,
His favor'd feet shall stand;
And through eternal happy years,
Traverse Immanuel's land.

Hymn 12. C. M.

1 Behold what love, what wond'rous love
The father hath bestowed.
That vilest sinners should be called,
The chosen Sons of God.

2 Some for a worthy friend, perhaps
To die might even dare,
But love like this to Jesus' love,
Can never once compare.

3 We were not friends of God, but foes,
And wand'ring far in sin,

When Jesus gave his life away,
To bring the wand'rers in.

4 Then rising from the silent tomb,
His quick'ning spirit sends,
To turn us (O! amazing change,)
From enemies to friends.

5 And having thus his work begun,
He will His work complete,
And bring us to surround the throne,
Where saints and angels meet.

6 Ye saints below your voices raise,
Till joined with those above,
In one harmonious song of praise,
And sing redeeming love.

Hymn 13. L. M.

1 Go forth, ye heralds, and proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious name,
Go sound the gospel jubilee,
And spread the news from sea to sea.

2 Tell how at first our parents fell;
How we were sinking down to Hell;
How Jesus left the courts above,
And made an embassy of love.

3 Tell how he suffer'd here below,
With persecution, pain and woe,

Devoid of sin yet sin become,
To raise us to a heavenly home.

4 Tell of his gifts of grace and love, [prove
Which thousands and ten thousands
Who taste the joys of sins forgiven,
And wait for nobler bliss in Heaven.

5 Tell how the great Redeemer died,
That Justice should be satisfied;
Then like a mighty conquerer rose,
And captive led his num'rous foes.

6 Tell how he rose again on high,
To plead for sinners doomed to die,
And ever lives to carry on
The work which he on earth begun.

7 And while ye spread the truth abroad
How man should walk before his God
Prove your divine commission true,
By all you say and all you do.

8 Thus multitudes, redeem'd by grace,
The gospel message shall embrace,
And with admiring angels, sing
The endless honors of their King.

Hymn 14. L. M.

1 O for a universal song, [north,
From east to west from south to

From rich and poor from old and young
To set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 He left the cloudless realms of day,
Where pleasure in perfection is,
And clothed himself in mortal clay
To raise our souls to life and bliss.

3 Fierce storms of wrath on Jesus fell,
That might on us been justly hurl'd,
He rescued from the pains of hell,
And sav'd a lost and ruined world.

4 He died that we might never die,
He died our helpless souls to save;
He rose to fully justify,
And make us triumph o'er the grave.

5 He now our advocate on high
Pleads and prevails before the throne.
While all the armies of the sky
Cry holy, holy, holy, one.

6 Ye saints below repeat the theme,
Till sweetly join'd with those above,
You see and know and follow him,
And sing eternal songs of love.

Hymn 15. L. M.

1 "The Lord is risen from the dead,
Come see the place where Jesus lay;"

Was by a holy angel said
Upon the resurrection day.

2 "The Lord is risen fron the dead,"
We hear the glad disciples say;
Two shining ones from glory fled,
And roll'd the pond'rous stone away.

3 "The Lord is risen from the dead,"
Ye saints; rejoice thro' ev'ry land;
He lives your advocate & head, [hand.
And pleads for you at God's right

4 "The Lord is risen from the dead,"
Let ev'ry broken heart rejoice;
The hungry spirit shall be fed, [voice.
Sounds from the kind Redeemer's

5 "The Lord has risen from the dead:"
Ye sinners seek and trust his name,
For such his precious blood was shed—
He is the sin atoning lamb.

6 "The Lord is risen from the dead,"
No more to bleed no more to die;
O may the joyful tidings spread
Thro' ev'ry land beneath the sky.

7 "The Lord has risen from the dead,"
Ye heavenly hosts repeat the sound,
And through the upper regions spread
The news in one eternal round.

Hymn 16. C. M.

1 The Lord has sent me here to-day,
  His gospel to proclaim;
May stubborn hearts thy voice obey,
  And glorify thy name.

2 A peaceful message now is sent,
  To wretched dying men,
With invitations to repent,
  And turn to God again.

3 The Lord is willing to receive
  The vilest of the vile;
He will repenting souls forgive,
  And bless them with a smile.

4 Then come poor sinner, come along,
  I call to old and young,
And learn to sing a sweeter song,
  Than Gabriel ever sung.

5 Redemption is the glorious plan,
  That angels long'd to view;
But none but lost and ruined man,
  Its virtues ever knew.

6 Again I call you—come along,
  And worship Christ your King,
And learn to sing a sweeter song
  Than Angels ever sing.

Hymn 17. S. M.

1 What has the Savior done?
Ye friends of Jesus tell,
Hark, the reply from ev'ry one—
"He has done all things well."

2 He saw us sinking down
To shades of death and hell;
For us he laid aside his crown—
"He has done all things well."

3 A man of sorrows liv'd
A willing victim fell,
For us eternal life received—
"He has done all things well."

4 He sent his Spirit down,
His goodness to reveal,
And raise us to his Father's throne—
"He has done all things well."

5 Now at his Father's side,
His earnest prayers prevail:
"O father! spare them, I have died"—
"He has done all things well."

6 We soon shall reach the shore
Where saints and angels dwell,
And sing while endless years endure—
"He has done all things well."

Hymn 18. L. M.

1 Lord give thy gospel great success,
And magnify Immanuel's name;
And by thy all-victorious grace,
Win trophies to the dying lamb.

2 Hast thou not said, "he shall divide,
A portion with the great and strong,
And be completely satisfied,
And hold his just dominions long?"

3 Hast thou not said, "he shall receive,
The heathen for inheritance,
And far as human beings live,
His mighty empire shall advance?"

4 Yes Jesus shall in triumph reign,
From land to land, from sea to sea,
And thousands bound in satan's chain,
Shall wake to life and liberty.

5 O happy day of gospel grace,
When Jesus shall subdue his foes;
The solitary desert place,
Shall blossom like the blowing rose.

6 Lord push thy mighty conquests on,
Thy promises shall firm endure—
Extend the knowledge of thy son,
And make the blest prediction sure.

Hymn 19. L. M.

1 The spirit of the living God,
On me is richly shed abroad,
He hath anointed me to speak,
And preach glad tidings to the meek.

2 The broken heart in love to bind,
To comfort each desponding mind,
To sound the trump of jubilee,
And set the helpless captive free.

3 The prison doors shall open wide,
When I in strength the spoil divide,
The firm foundation bars shall shake,
And all the pris'ners bands shall break.

4 I come to comfort mourning souls,
O'er whom distressing anguish rolls;
And heavy vengeance to proclaim,
On those who slight my matchless name

5 O Lord we hear thy pard'ning voice;
We tremble yet our hearts rejoice;
We would admire the grace indeed,
Which has our souls from bondage freed

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Hymn 20. L. M.

1 Thy promise, Lord, unshaken stands,
To future time and distant lands,

That when thy friends meet in thy name
Thou art engaged to meet with them.

2 Obedient to thy holy word,
We have assembled, gracious Lord;
Thy Holy Spirit now impart,
And warm with love each frozen heart.

3 O may we with the Spirit sing.
Salvation to our God and King;
O may we with the Spirit pray,
And feel thy presence here to-day.

4 May all our hearts unite in one,
And all aspire to reach thy throne,
Till we, in meditation sweet,
Arise and walk each golden street.

5 And when we from this place depart,
O may we still be joined in heart,
Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

Hymn 21. C. M.

1 O Zion fair thou beauteous place;
The dwelling of the God of grace.
Concerning thee the King of Kings,
Has spoken many glorious things.

2 "I laid thy sure foundation stone,
And raised the building placed thereon

In all my labors I rejoice,
But thou art my peculiar choice.

3 I'll speak to them by whom I'm known,
Of Rahab, and of Babylon,
Of Ethiopia's scorching sands
And of my sons in distant lands.

4 In thee they had their heavenly birth
Tho' wand'ring strangers now on earth
And shall to thee return again,
And in immortal triumph reign.

5 When I collect my jewels up
All that in Zion fix their hope
Shall tune their harps to sing my praise,
And endless hallelujahs raise."

HYMN 22. C. M.

1 Behold thy saints have met O Lord,
To worship thee to day,
Do thou supplies of grace afford,
That they may watch and pray.

2 Enable them with heart sincere,
To worship thee aright,
And banish ev'ry sinful fear,
With pure celestial light.

3 Grant they may meet in harmony,
And still remain in love,

So shall thy earthly family,
Resemble that above.

4 May they in heavenly places sit,
And still renew their strength,
Till with diviner joys they meet,
Around thy throne at length.

5 Where thou hast mansions bright & fair,
For all thy saints prepar'd,
And every faithful follower there,
Shall find a full reward.

HYMN 23. C. M.

1 O Lord we come before thee now;
Permit that we may be,
Prepar'd at this good time to bow,
In deep humility.

2 Forbid that we with anxious thought,
Should study outward form,
But may the love thy grace has wrought
Our ev'ry passion warm.

3 The words which thou wouldst have us say,
Do thou to us impart,
And let our vocal language be,
The language of the heart.

4 Thus may we worship while we live,
And when we end our days,
To heaven our willing souls receive,
Where pray'r is turned to praise.

PRAYER.

Hymn 24. L. M.

1 Believers pray'rs are from their hearts,
Sometimes in words, sometimes in moans;
But he who sees the inward parts,
Can comprehend unuttered groans.

2 There were no words when Hannah prayed
Her soul was sad her spirits sunk;
Yet God a gracious answer made,
Though Eli thought the woman drunk

3 A form of words is not the thing,
The spirit and the truth aspires,
Accepted to our Priest and King,
Who first implanted these desires.

4 How many pray in mere *pretence*,
And speak their polish'd prayers aloud,
And by a *studied eloquence*,
Astonish the surrounding crowd.

5 But such can never, never rise,
Accepted to the throne above,
For he who dwells beyond the skies,
Knows when the heart is void of love.

6 O gracious God! our pray'rs indite,
And form them in our inmost parts,
So shall the words we speak be right,
And show the meaning of our hearts.

Hymn 25. L. M.

1 Lord if I ever knew thy grace,
To me again reveal thy face; [fears,
Such heavenly charms should quell my
And save me from ten thousand snares.

2 To see by faith thy glory shine;
With confidence to call thee mine;
Does in the saddest hour impart
A cordial to my fainting heart.

3 When absent from thee I remain,
I seek for happiness in vain;
Then would I pray for thy return,
And mourn, because I cannot mourn.

4 Lord, may I by thy conq'ring grace
At length appear before thy face;
Where sins and sorrow fly away,
And peace prevails without decay.

5 Where ransom'd millions sweetly sing,
Where all the heavenly arches ring,
With Gabriel's new eternal songs,
That warble from immortal tongues.

Hymn 26. L. M.

1 Our Father, thou who art in Heaven,
To thee be endless honors given;
Thy name and nature we confess,
Is uncorrupted holiness.

2 O let thy peaceful kingdom come,
On earth, as in thy heavenly home;
And let thy holy will be done,
Thy will, dear Lord, and thine alone.

3 Give us, this day, our daily bread,
And let our hungry souls be fed
With choicest dainties from above,
The hidden manna of thy love.

4 In pity all our sins forgive,
And let us by thy favor live;
And while the streams of pardon flow,
May we forgive offenders too.

5 From fierce temptation's fatal hour
O keep us by thy guardian power;
From every evil set us free,
And fix our wand'ring hearts on thee.

6 For thine the heavenly kingdom is,
And in thy hand the power lies,
And thine the glory all shall be,
For time and in eternity.

Hymn 27. L. M.

1 O God of grace in love draw near,
And my petition deign to hear;
O! sacred privilege, and may
So vile a wretch attempt to pray?

2 Through all my life thou know'st I've
Surrounded by the snares of sin, [been
And for protection ev'ry hour
Need thy protecting hand of power.

3 The world adorn'd with smiles appear
To make me seek my portion here,
The sinful flesh still claims her part
To lead astray my thoughtless heart.

4 The love of wealth the love of fame
And love of self my heart inflame,
But ah! to seldom do I see
And inward longing after thee.

5 But my confessions Lord are vain
While unsubdu'd my sins remain,
And these however great they be
Must be subdu'd alone by thee,

6 Then guide me through this wilderness,
And in the hour of deep distress,
Support me by thy gracious hand
And bring me to the promised land.

Hymn 28. L. M.

1 When sore distress and troubles rise,
Who shall attend our mournful cries?
Who but the gracious King of Saints
Should grant requests and hear complaints?

2 My dear Immanuel all divine,
May I presume to call thee mine?
Then unto thee I make my moan,
Thou understandest ev'ry groan.

3 My plea is not for earthly gain,
Nor all that move within her train;
Be these as noble as they may,
I plead for nobler things than they.

4 I want to know my sins forgiven,
To lay my treasures up in heaven;
And be while here on earth I am,
A humble foll'wer of the Lamb.

5 But now I'm fill'd with doubts and fears
While trav'ling thro' this vale of tears;
For O my wand'ring feet are found
Too often on forbidden ground,

6 I want a pure, a holy zeal,
A mind renew'd, a heavenly will,

A pious frame a heart to pray,
From day to night, from night to day.

7 Instead of this my heart is cold,
By sinful unbelief controll'd
The words of pray'r I often name,
But seldom feel a praying frame.

Hymn 29. 7s

1 "God of Israel hear my prayer,
Turn to me a gracious ear,
While for mercy Lord I plead,
Bless my needy soul indeed.

2 Israel's God, is all my trust,
May he still enlarge my coast—
Bring rebellious sinners in,
From the reigning power of sin.

3 Let thy hand protection give,
While a pilgrim here I live,
Keep me Lord from sins control,
That so sadly grieves my soul."

4 Come my brethren, let us join,
In petitions so divine,
Cry aloud while lab'ring here,
"God of Jabez hear our prayer."

EXPOSTULATION.

HYMN 30. 8, 7.

1 Thoughtless sinner stop and ponder,
Wilt thou to destruction go?
Canst thou hear Jehovah's thunder?
Canst thou bear eternal woe?
Turn to Jesus, turn to Jesus;
He will endless life bestow.

2 Fear thee not what may befall thee?
Fear thee not thy God to grieve?
Hear the blest Redeemer call thee,
"Sinner turn to me and live,"
Turn to Jesus, turn to Jesus,
He will grace and glory give.

3 "In thy death I have no pleasure,
I, by my ownself have sworn,
But will grant the lasting treasure
If thou wilt to me return"—
Turn to Jesus, turn to Jesus,
And no more the gospel spurn.

4 In his holy habitation,
Ransomed sinners ever dwell,
Free from ev'ry lamentation,
Free from all the pains of hell—
Turn to Jesus, turn to Jesus,
Bid the world and sin farewell.

Hymn 31. L. M.

1 Poor sinners bound to endless pain,
Where darkness, death, and vengeance
reign;
Can you in ceaseless torments dwell?
Can you endure the pains of hell?

2 No hope shall ever enter there,
But flies the regions of despair,
While conscious guilt in fiercest form,
Gnaws like a never-dying worm.

3 Stop thoughtless sinner, pause and think
Thou standest on destruction's brink,
Think on thy dreadful state again,
Reflect before thou enterest in.

4 Thou dwellest yet on gospel plains,
Where peace is found, where mercy
reigns,
Where Jesus' blood so freely flows,
To cleanse his most rebelious foes.

Hymn 32. L. M.

1 My fellow trav'lers bound with me,
From time to vast eternity,
Reflect on your eternal state,
Lest your reflections come too late.

2 You count on many days to live,
But don't your precious souls deceive,
This night may end your mortal state,
And then for heaven 'twill be too late.

3 We hear the foolish virgins cry,
And hear the Lord their suit deny,
He'd enter'd in and shut the gate; [late
They came and knock'd but came too

4 John in a vision heard the call,
"Ye rocks and mountains on us fall,
The Lamb appears with vengeance great
To seek his face is now too late.

5 O sinners turn, to Jesus turn!
Before the hills and vallies burn;
Before you reach a future state,
For turning then will be too late.

INVITATION.

HYMN 33. 11s.

1 Come hither poor Sinner
with sorrow oppressed,
Who pant for the Kingdom
of glory and rest;
Look up to the Savior
that hung on the tree
In tender compassion
he calls unto thee,

2 Poor sinner encompass'd
with sorrow and grief
With sad lamentations
you sigh for relief,
Think not your Redeemer
unwilling to save
Or Ransom lost sinners
from death and the grave.

3 Before the formation
of matter began,
Or dust of creation
was fashioned to man,
Ere day was divided
from darkness to night;
The scheme of Redemption
was all my delight.

4 When time roll'd around
and the moments drew near,
When I your Redeemer
on Earth should appear,
The Shepherds directed
to Bethlehem fled,
And saw in a manger
my glory was laid.

5 The desolate Mountains
and cold midnight air,

Oft saw my temptations
and witnessed my prayer,
To grant ruined sinners
eternal relief,
I wandered thro' sorrows,
reproaches and grief.

6 O Sinner I willingly
suffered for thee,
And mornfully languish'd
in Gethsemane,
When my drowsy foll'wers
all left me alone
To pass thro' distresses
to mortals unknown.

7 For thee weeping sinner
with thorns I was crown'd,
And bore the derision
from multitudes round,
For thy disobedience
I hung on the tree,
And now have arisen
to justify thee.

8 Thy kind intercessor,
I plead at the throne,
I see all thy anguish
and hear ev'ry groan,

I'm able and willing
to grant thee release,
Thy sins are forgiven
arise go in peace.

HYMN 34. 8. 7.

1 Sinners you are now invited
To the helpless sinner's friend;
Be no more so much delighted
With the things that have an end.

2 Earthly pleasures all are flying,
Time conveys them swift away;
But religion never-dying
Leads to joys that ne'er decay.

3 Lay your treasures up in heaven,
Treasures of a lasting kind;
Seek to know your sins forgiven:
This will give you peace of mind.

4 Then, when mortal life is ending,
Life eternal shall begin;
See the ransom'd souls ascending—
Faith survey the wondrous scene.

5 Glory, glory' glory, glory!
Oh what scenes of glory rise!
Countless millions tell the story
Of redemption, in the skies.

6 There they reign and rest forever,
Sin shall never venture near:
Come, O come, my blessed Savior,
Bring our willing spirits there.

Hymn 35. S. M.

1 Ye heavy laden souls,
Who all your mis'ries see,
The Savior in compassion calls,
And says, "Come unto me."

2 "In me ye shall have rest,
I'm of a lowly mind;
The soul that is with favor blest,
Shall peace and comfort find.

3 "My yoke contented take,
And bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to the neck,
And all my burden light."

4 Dear Lord, we hear thy voice;
O draw us unto thee;
Then shall our mourning hearts rejoice,
And own thy grace is free.

Hymn 36. L. M.

1 Sinners attend the Savior's call,
How soft and sweet the accents fall—

From vice and folly come away,
Now is the acceptable day.

2 Though long rebellious you have been;
Though dead in trespasses and sin,
I'll quicken you by heavenly grace,
And clothe you with my righteousness.

3 Ye tender ones in blooming youth,
Attend the voice of sacred truth;
I shed my blood on Calvary,
For thee, O! lovely youth for thee.

4 Obey obey the call divine,
And make celestial wisdom thine,
That leads the soul from folly's way,
And guides it to eternal day.

5 Then when the Ocean shall retire,
And Earth and skies dissolve in fire,
You shall behold these scenes display'd
And stand unmov'd and undismay'd.

6 And when the final trump you hear,
And see the great white throne appear,
And cloth'd in light the Judge descend,
You shall in him behold your friend.

7 Then when you see the saints arise,
To meet their Saviour in the skies,

You too shall wake, from sorrows free,
And join that blood-bought company.

8 When you behold the heavenly train,
Spread over each celestial plain,
You too shall join the happy throng,
And sing redemption's sweetest song.

CHURCH MEETING.

Hymn 37. L. M.

1 Say who are they who stand without
Fair Zion's gates oppressed with doubt?
'Tis they who hate and flee from sin,
Ye saints of God invite them in.

2 "Come in, ye blessed of the Lord,"
Believers cry with one accord, [greet,
"Your entrance all your friends shall
And lead you to a welcome seat.

3 Don't say unworthy, such were we,
Redeemed by grace entirely free;
In us the chief of sinners view, [too.
Then come dear friends and welcome

4 "With us the cross of Jesus bear,
With us unite in praise and pray'r,
Till with the Lord we all sit down,
And wear an everlasting crown."

HYMN 38. 11s

1 My brethren and sisters who worship the Lord,
And wish to be guided alone by his word
In holy obedience now joined in a band,
If your heart's with my heart, come give me your hand.

2 Taught by the same spirit the evil of sin
By mutual confession we fellowship gain,
Faith leads to the practice of ev'ry com-[mand,
If your heart's with my heart come give me your hand.

3 O shun not the water, there Jesus you see:
And listen; he calls you, and says, "fol-[low me."
"Teach them strict observance of ev'-ry command"— [hand.
If willing to follow, come give me your

4 Then at the Lord's table in fellowship meet— [saints' feet—
Then clothed in humility wash the
Forsake not assembling—observe each command, [with hand.
And follow the Savior with heart and

5 O take for example the pious and blest,

Who thro' faith and patience have entered their rest, [they stand,
Now freed from all sorrow triumphant
And sing hallelujah all joined heart and hand.

6 A few more sharp conflicts, and war shall be o'er [more,
And scenes of affliction disturb us no
While on Canaan's borders we joyfully stand, [and hand.
And join to praise Jesus with full heart

BAPTISM.

Hymn 39. S. M.

1 All hail ye lovely band,
Whose mournful garments wave,
Like those who quit their native land,
And journey to the grave.

2 Tell us from whence ye came,
And whither would you go,
"We are foll'wers of the Lamb,
No other guide we know.

3 To Salem's King we bow,
To Zion we would go;
We count ourselves but strangers now,
And pilgrims here below."

4 Why do you stand beside
This gentle rolling stream?
"Our Lord was found in Jordan's tide,
And we would follow him.

5 We show we die to sin,
And live anew to God;
This is the way that holy men
In former ages trod.

6 We sink beneath the wave,
And rise again to view,
An emblem of our future grave,
And resurrection too."

7 I love the charming sight,
And fain would follow you.
Come, then, the Gospel doth invite,
The Bride and Spirit, too;

8 Come, bear the cross with joy,
And disregard the shame,
Till heavenly notes your tongues employ,
In New Jerusalem.

HYMN 40. 8, 7.

1 Come, ye saints of ev'ry nation,
Hear your kind Redeemer's call;
Listen to the invitation,
Freely spoken to us all.

2 "Ye who see your sins forgiven,
Never from my precepts stray,
Follow each command of Heaven,
In the plain and beaten way.

3 I who did remove your burden,
This commandment to you gave;
I myself, in flowing Jordan,
Was immers'd beneath the wave.

4 Done to show my condescension
To the fallen sons of men;
Done to show you my ascension
To the heavenly world again.

5 As I lay beneath the waters,
So I lay beneath the ground;
Thus for Adam's sons and daughters
Hath the Lord a ransom found.

6 I have pass'd thro' death's cold river,
Where my slumbring foll'wers lie;
And will raise up each believer
To my glory in the sky.

7 Fear not all that you may suffer,
From the sinful scoffer's tongue,
Your Redeemer's way was rougher,
When upon the cross he hung.

8 I lamented in the garden,
Bore your sin, reproach, and shame.
As I died to seal your pardon,
I will own your worthless name."

9 Lord, to thee we bow obedient,
Casting shame and fear away;
Show us what is most expedient,
And we'll go without delay.

10 In the joyful resolution,
May we ev'ry fear forsake,
Suff'ring pain and persecution,
For the blest Redeemer's sake.

11 In the wave we'll be baptized,
Rise again as Jesus rose;
Let the sacred rite be prized,
Notwithstanding all its foes.

12 Till we reach the worlds of glory,
Where all troubles flee away;
There to tell salvation's story,
Thro' an everlasting day.

Hymn 41. L. M.

1 In ancient times to Jordan's stream,
The Lord of men and angels came,
And found beneath the yielding wave
A glorious emblematic grave.

2 When from the wat'ry tomb he rose
Amidst surrounding friends and foes,
There was displayed in public view,
A glorious resurrection too.

3 Thus former saints who knew the Lord,
Were found obedient to his word,
And often in the flowing stream,
We view the faithful following Him.

4 And later ones redeem'd by grace,
Would still his bright examples trace,
And follow each divine command,
Until the course of time shall end.

5 O may we all this happy day,
With heart felt joy thy will obey,
And grant that from this moment we
May die to sin and live to thee.

HYMN 42. L. M.

1 Jesus was buried in the grave,
But burried first in Jordan's wave;
And by baptism, saith the word,
The saints are buried with the Lord.

2 Like as he left the flowing wave,
So did he leave the silent grave,
And rose to mansions in the sky,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

3 Thus faithful souls that follow Him
Arise and leave the rolling stream;
And through remaining years pursue
A holy life divinely new.

4 So when the awful trumpet's sound
Shall wake the nations under ground,
Saints from the bed of death shall rise,
To life eternal in the skies.

Hymn 43. C. M.

1 What lovely form is this I see
Approach the water side,
In garments of humility?
It is Immanuel's bride.

2 Her Lord's example she would view,
She loves to follow him;
And would his humble track pursue,
In the baptismal stream.

3 Is not the way too low and vile.
For one so fair and clean?
O no; behold the virgin smile,
And joyful enter in.

4 Her Savior washed her in his blood,
And made her raiment white;
And now, to own her bleeding Lord
Is her supreme delight.

5 This is the way, the humble way,
Her dear Redeemer chose;
Who would not lie where Jesus lay,
And rise as Jesus rose?

6 Protect thy bride from every snare,
Thou blessed King of Saints!
And in thy kingdom let her share
A rich inheritance.

7 Adorn her with thy graces free,
And seat her near thy side,
To shine to all eternity,
Thy loving faithful bride.

Hymn 44. L. M.

1 Ye saints who walk the narrow way,
And would your gracious God obey;
Who leave the scenes of sin and strife,
And press towards eternal life.

2 Behold the little lovely band,
With cheerful heart and willing hand,
Descend with joy beneath the wave,
Then rising leave the liquid grave.

3 Can you behold such acts of love,
And no divine emotions move?
Can you behold the way so plain,
And yet from thence your feet refrain?

4 This is the way the Savior trod,
And sanction'd by the word of God,
While rising from the flowing stream,
Commands to hear and follow him.

5 Shall fear of scorn reproach and shame,
Make you disown your master's name?
'I'll be asham'd at last,' saith he,
"Of all who are asham'd of me."

6 Say, are you fearing earthly loss
Or shrink beneath the weighty cross?
Who bears the cross shall wear the crown,
And with the Lord at last sit down.

7 Then come dear children, come to day
And cast your hindrances away;
Endure the cross despise the shame,
And show you love Immanuel's name.

Hymn 45 C. M.

1 Ye saints that would obey the Lord,
And in obedience stand,
Attend the counsel of his word,
And follow his command.

2 Himself before the multitude,
Obey'd the great Supreme,

And march'd to Jordan's swelling flood,
And lay beneath the stream.

3 When from the wat'ry grave he rais'd,
The dove-like Spirit shone,
With voice proclaiming God well pleas'd
With his beloved Son.

4 Did Christ the Saviour stoop so low,
And shall our sinful pride
Disdain our love for him to show,
Who groaned and bled and died?

5 O no, in Jordan's flowing stream,
Or Enon's wat'ry plain,
We'll be baptiz'd in Jesus' name,
And rise with him again.

6 O may we see where duty stands,
Nor from it go astray;
But follow God's divine commands
Until our dying day.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Hymn 46. L. M.

1 Dear Lord I see thy table spread,
With flowing wine and broken bread,
I see thy children gather round,
Where emblems of thy love are found.

2 And did the Lord of glory bleed?
The Sun could not behold the deed—
Let men and angels be amaz'd,
Let God, the God of love be praised.

3 May such a wretch as I partake
Of bread that Jesus deign'd to break?
May one with such a heart as mine,
Approach the cup and taste the wine?

4 For me, may I by faith discern,
Thy blood was shed, thy flesh was torn;
O may I by thy spirit feel
Sensations I can never tell,

5 Till round thy glorious throne above,
Where all is pleasure, peace and love,
To warble, with immortal tongue,
Complete redemption's wondrous song!

FEET WASHING.

Hymn 47. L. M.

1 Did Jesus Christ the sinners friend
In love and pity condescend
To clothe himself in human form,
In fashion like a mortal worm?

2 Yes, of no reputation made,
We see him in a manger laid—

His clothing—what? a swaddling band,
Let men and angels wond'ring stand.

3 Arriving at maturer years,
He wrought among the carpenters;
His highest niche in human fame,
Was to be reckoned one of them.

4 And when his public life began,
The God-head still was veiled in man,
He saw the suff'ring multitude,
And went about to do them good.

5 Before he died he thought it meet
To wash his humble foll'wers feet,
And gave to them—to you and me,
This lesson of humility.

6 Jesus we take thee at thy word,
"The servant's not above his Lord,"
What thou hast done we love to view,
And follow the example too.

DISMISSION.

Hymn 48. C. M.

1 Dear Lord, we met thy saints to-day,
(The time was sweet indeed,)
To join with them to sing and pray;
What could the joy exceed?

2 The richest draughts of earthly bliss,
That many prize so high,
Are vanity compared to this,
The heavenly pilgrim's joy.

3 O Lord, renew such happy days,
Till round thy throne above
We meet, where ev'ry voice is praise,
And ev'ry heart is love.

Hymn 49. C. M.

1 My Christian friends, we have to part,
And to our homes repair;
O how it grieves the pious heart,
To leave the heart of prayer.

2 The house of prayer! yes, sacred place!
There saints delight to meet,
And hear, and sing and taste thy grace,
With joys divinely sweet.

3 As thro' a glass we dimly look,
Yet Jesus here is found;
For where the shepherd meets his flock,
The place is hallowed ground.

4 But soon the vale shall be withdrawn,
That saints may plainly see
The man their hopes are fixed upon,
The man of Calvary.

5 Assemblies then on earth shall end;
But in a happier state,
Shall meet again on Canaan's land,
And never separate.

6 There ages that can ne'er be told,
In that blest world above,
Shall Christians play, on harps of gold,
The song of Dying love.

Hymn 50. L. M.

1 Now my dear brethren, I commend
You unto God, your kindest friend:
And by experience you shall tell,
He has done for you all things well.

2 Trust in His perfect righteousness,
And listen to His word of grace;
This shall confirm your trembling hope
And build your sinking spirits up.

3 Then while you thro' this desert stray,
Console yourselves along the way,
In prospect of your journey's end,
Thro' Jesus Christ, your faithful friend

4 In his unchanging love abide,
Till resting with the sanctified,
To Canaan's shore securely brought,
You find with them a happy lot.

Hymn 51. S. M.

1 Sweet is the time, divinely sweet, [meet;
When Zion's sons and daughters
Sweet is the music when they sing,
Harmonious praises to their King.

2 Sweet when in sacred union joined,
With humble heart and lowly mind,
Their fervent supplications rise,
Like holy incense to the skies.

3 Sweet when in solemn circles round,
They listen to the joyful sound,
While God's ambassadors proclaim,
Salvation free in Jesus' name.

4 Sweet to behold the falling tear, [dear,
Steal down the cheeks of friends so
Whose bowels of compassion move,
And every word proceeds from love.

5 Sweet even when they come to part,
When friendship reigns in ev'ry heart
For though it gives them present pain;
They hope with joy to meet again.

6 And so they shall, in realms above,
Where all is pleasure, peace, & love,
From sorrow, sin and death secure,
Forever and forever more.

HYMN 52. S. M.

1 Dismiss us gracious Lord
With all thy blessings blest;
Help us to feed upon thy word,
And on thy promise rest.

2 May all thy children learn;
Still more and more of thee:
O may each heart with ardor burn
Thy glorious face to see.

3 May mourners trust thy pow'r
And feel their sins forgiven;
May guilty sinners this good hour
Inquire the way to heaven.

4 Thus let us all abide
In Christ the living way:
And thy good Spirit be our guide
To everlasting day.

PILGRIMAGE.

HYMN 53 S. M.

1 Behold the little flock,
That follow Christ their king;
They drink the water from the rock
And as they journey sing:

2 "We are a feeble band,
And dangers round us roar,

While trav'ling thro' this weary land
To Canaan's peaceful shore.

3 But God his word has pass'd,
That we shall safe get through;
And come off conq'rers all at last,
And more than conq'rers too.

4 Then who will bear the cross,
And march along the road?
The Lord has promised good to us,
And we will do thee good.

5 Tho' tempests gather round,
And enemies affright,
Beyond this dark enchanted ground
Extend the fields of light.

6 See weary pilgrims sit,
Who safely there arrive;
They worship at their Savior's feet,
And in his kingdom live."

Hymn 54 C. M,

1 Behold Rebekah's wandering son,
When he from Esau fled,
With nothing softer than a stone,
On which to rest his head.

2 His father's house he now had left,
Perhaps to see no more;
Of both his parents smiles bereft,
So highly prized before.

3 But as he slept he in a dream,
Was filled with pleasant awe;
He heard Jehovah speak to him,
And glorious visions saw.

4 A ladder on the earth appears,
And reaching to the skies,
On which celestial messengers
Descend, and then arise.

5 Awaking from his sleep he said,
This is the house of God;
For where such wonders are displayed,
Must be his blest abode.

6 I could consent at any time,
To leave a favorite place,
And wander in a desert clime,
For visions such as this.

7 But oh we need not go away,
For God is every where;
And they who to him humbly pray,
Shall peaceful answers hear.

8 The christian's heart's the house of God
He spake their sins forgiven:
Tis there we find his blest abode,
And there the gate of heaven.

HYMN 55. 8's.

1 Elijah requesting to die,
Sat under a juniper tree,
Not thinking protection so nigh,
Ah! who more dejected than he?

2 From Jezebel's fury he fled,
And left his own servant behind,
And into the wilderness sped,
Quite weary in body and mind.

3 There yielding to slumbers he lay,
Till one gently bade him arise,
For in this discouraging day,
An angel had brought him supplies.

4 He ate and his slumbers renewed,
Till a second ethereal touch,
Recalled him again to his food:
"The journey for thee is too much."

5 His spirits recruited at length,
And feasting again on his food,
He traveled alone in its strength
Forty days, to the mountain of God.

6 Ye pilgrims sojourning below,
Oppressed with temptation and fear,
Learn still in your troubles to know,
Your faithful Redeemer is near.

7 Though far in the wilderness led,
You view yourselves pensive, alone,
Yet angels may guard round your bed,
At present to mortals unknown.

8 The Lord will supply you with food,
For this is his promise and will,
Till brought to the mountain of God,
To Zion his heavenly hill.

Hymn 56. L. M.

1 Help us O Lord Almighty one
To lay aside each grievous weight,
And with celestial patience run
The race thou hast before us set.

2 From all our foes a numerous train,
We humbly pray for kind relief;
But mostly our besetting sin.
The fearful sin of unbelief.

3 A glorious cloud of witnesses
Shall animate us to arise;
And thro' surrounding dangers press
And force our passage to the skies.

4 While we behold the dying Lamb
Who for the joy before him set
Endured the cross despised the shame,
And now in glory holds a seat.

5 So when our christian race is run,
And we are called to go from hence;
We shall with Jesus Christ sit down,
And find a blest inheritance.

Hymn 57. C. M.

1 Lord, help us to depend on thee
In ev'ry time of need;
For they who trust thy name shall see
Thou art a friend indeed.

2 Tho' num'rous fears arise within,
And foes appear without,
On our beloved let us lean,
Nor once his goodness doubt.

3 When thy chastising rod is felt,
'Tis thy appointed means;
The stripes are lighter than our guilt;
And fewer than our sins.

4 Thus may we run the christian race
With patience here below.
Till we behold thee face to face,
And cease from sin and woe.

Hymn 58. C. M.

1 My days on earth are nearly gone,
I feel my strength decay;
But ah! the word I trust upon,
Shall never pass away.

2 Jesus who spoke my sins forgiven.
(That name be ever bless'd)
Has promised me a seat in Heaven,
Of everlasting rest.

3 Thro' tribulations deep I've come,
And may see many more,
Before I do arrive at home,
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

4 But let thy grace sufficient be
In ev'ry time of need;
And all my thanks shall flow to thee,
Thou sinner's friend indeed.

5 Thus, as the outer man decays,
The inner man shall rise,
To that bright world where faith surveys,
Her treasure, in the skies;

6 Till, mingling with the blissful throng
That stand around the throne,
I see his face, and sing the song
To mortals now unknown.

HYMN 59. 7, 6, 7, 6. 7, 7, 7, 6.

1 "Martha, Martha, thou art fill'd
With care from day to day—
Wilt thou not to wisdom yield,
And learn the better way?
Mary's made a noble choice,
Love divine hath won her heart,
That in which she doth rejoice,
From her shall not depart.

2 Thus the Savior when below,
Address'd two female friends,
That he might the sisters show,
The difference of their minds.
Mary's like is seldom seen,
Saints like her have passed away,
But we've all like Martha been,
Encumbered day by day.

3 Sin besets, the world allures,
And draws the mind away,
Satan every hold secures,
To tempt the soul to stray,
Christ alone can break the spell,
He can captivate the heart,
Hear us, O! Emanuel!
(For God with us thou art.)

4 Call us off from flesh and sense,
Show us our sins forgiven;

Speak of that inheritance,
Reserved for us in heaven.
This shall make our hearts rejoice,
This shall make instruction sweet,
List'ning to thy gracious voice,
Like Mary at thy feet.

Hymn 60. L. M.

1 The paths of folly lead estray; [trod,
But there's a track which few have
A straight, a new and living way,
And they who tread it walk with God.

2 Here Enoch went in ancient times,
And shunned the worlds alluring road,
Untainted by surrounding crimes,
He lived by faith, and walked with God.

3 May I his bright example view
While pressing to the same abode,
And with becoming zeal pursue [God.
The way the prophet walked with

4 The world may frown, and satan rage,
If he will keep me in the road,
Whose promise firmly doth engage,
A rest for all who walk with God.

5 But lest the troubles of the way,
Should prove too much for flesh and blood,
Let strength, sufficient for my day,
Enable me to walk with God.

6 Till reaching fair Jerusalem,
I find my long desired abode,
Among the followers of the Lamb,
Forevermore to walk with God.

HYMN 61. 9, 8.

1 What means this universal moaning,
This ceaseless melancholy strain?
O 'tis the whole creation groaning,
Together trav'ling still in pain.

2 Alas for fallen human nature,
To serious minds how sad the view;
See grief the lot of every creature;
It spreads the whole creation through.

3 Not only thus the froward nation,
Who set not God before their eyes;
But from the heirs of rich salvation,
Do similar complaints arise.

4 From woe they cannot claim exemption,
Yet faith presents before their view;

The certainty of full redemption;
Yes, of the soul and body too.

5 Jehovah in divine compassion
Shall lead them to his blest abode,
And their vile bodies nobly fashion
In likeness of the son of God.

6 Hark listen to the favored nation
Safe landed on the heavenly shore—
"Adieu to pain and tribulation,
You'l mar our peace and joy no more."

7 Our earthly pilgrimage is over,
Our sighs are turned to songs of praise,
Now to our everlasting lover,
An endless Hallelujah raise.

8 All wisdom, Honor, Glory, Blessing,
Be ever paid to Jesus name
With songs and anthems never ceasing,
Sing worthy, worthy is the Lamb.

9 Ye saints and angels join in singing,
The chorus as it rolls along [ing,
Let heaven's high courts be ever ring-
The ceaseless universal song.

10 All wisdom, Honor, Glory, Blessing,

Be ever paid to Jesus name
With songs and anthems never ceasing,
Sing worthy, worthy is the Lamb.

CAUTION.

HYMN 62. S. M.

1 Professors all awake—
The midnight cry is heard,
The Bridegroom's voice begins to speak,
To meet him stand prepared.

2 Your hopes will prove in vain,
You cannot see his face,
Unless your vessels do contain,
The Holy oil of grace.

3 The foolish Virgins cry,
Our lamps have all gone out,
And where to borrow or to buy,
We stand in fearful doubt.

4 The wise have entered in,
And mercy's door is shut,
The foolish stand and knock in vain,
The Savior knows them not.

5 Profession will not do,
To carry us to heaven,
We must possess the witness too,
Of all our sins forgiven.

6 How many in the day,
When Christ shall come again;
Shall like the foolish Virgins try
In vain to enter in?

7 In wrath the Judge shall cry,
"Depart ye wicked crew,
Ye workers of iniquity,
Your love I never knew."

8 Lord make our hearts sincere,
And purified from sin,
That when the Bridegroom shall appear,
We all may enter in.

Hymn 63. L. M.

1 Teach me, O Lord, to do thy will;
And grant supplying grace,
That I may thy commands fulfill,
Exactly in their place.

2 If I have thought a duty mine,
And yet it was not so;
O may I know thy will divine,
Nor let me different go.

3 If I have been too indolent,
When duties loudly call,
May my remaining days be spent,
Obedient to them all.

4 And when my fleeting time is gone,
Still let my trust be grace;
And in thy righteousness alone,
Approach before thy face.

Hymn 64. L. M.

1 When God the Canaanites destroyed,
And vanquished all their haughty kings;
The men of Israel were forbid,
To meddle their devoted things.

2 But Achan saw a wedge of gold,
And spied a goodly garment too,
And coveting the treasures, stole
And hid them from the public view.

3 But God beheld the evil wrought,
And Israel's foes awhile prevail;
And when the cause was tried by lot,
The fearful lot on Achan fell.

4 There still are Achans in the camp,
For yet we witness Israel fly,
The thought my very spirits damp;
Perhaps the guilty one am I.

5 Lord search my tent, O search my heart,
And bring to light the wedge of gold;

I would from every idol part,
For gifts that never can be told.

6 The Babylonish garment take,
It cannot hide me from disgrace;
And O for the Redeemer's sake,
Adorn me with thy righteousness.

7 Thy disobedient children, Lord,
In paths of true repentance lead;
Then shall we not forget thy word,
And Israel shall again succeed.

Hymn 65. C. M.

1 When Balaam's history we read,
Who after lucre went;
It well may strike the mind indeed,
To view the whole event.

2 He seemed a prophet of the Lord,
And said he visions saw;
He came to Balak with his word,
And would again withdraw.

3 He uttered truth; (for God can make
The wicked prophesy;
And when his honor is at stake,
Forbid their lips to lie.)

4 But Balaam's *heart* alas was wrong,
With Israel's foe's he fell;
And thousands like him daily throng,
The road that leads to Hell.

5 How many *mitred*, *robed*, renowned,
In the great Judgment day,
Shall trembling hear the awful sound,
"Depart accurs'd away."

6 "Ye said on earth ye knew the Lord,
But *mammon* was your aim;
And crowds deluded by your word,
Sink in eternal shame."

7 Reflect my soul; art thou to-day
Intent on worldly gains?
I would not run in Balaam's way,
For all the world contains.

8 If earthly treasures I revere,
Lord change the heart's desire;
I would not hold an Idol dear,
That soon must burn with fire,

9 Let me in Jesus fix my hope,
And plead his righteousness;
And when he makes his jewels up,
In heaven obtain a place.

10 Tho' meanest of the ransomed throng,
To free and sovereign grace;
While endless ages roll along,
Let me an anthem raise.

Hymn 66. S. M.

1 Professors all attend
With open heart and ear;
While one who is your faithful friend,
Solicits you to hear.

2 Yourselves examine well;
You are upon the road
That leads to darkness death and hell,
Or to the mount of God.

3 To only be immers'd,
Can do no real good,
Unless your hearts are sprinkled first
With purifying blood.

4 To meet around the board,
And eat unworthily,
Will make us dread to see the Lord,
When hills and mountains flee.

5 To wash our brethrens feet,
Without an humble frame,
Will never make us fit to meet,
The advent of the Lamb.

6 Lord let our actions be,
Influenced all by love;
That we may die and rest with thee
In Paradise above.

CONFLICT.

Hymn 67. L. M.

1 O Lord, our ever-present friend,
The disappointed brethren see,
Their wants supply, their cause defend,
For all their help must come from thee.

2 "'Tis good to wait upon the Lord,"
We see recorded in thy book,
And those relying on thy word,
In thy own house for mercy look.

3 But when assembled in thy name,
No kind ambassador is nigh,
The word of mercy to proclaim,
And sound glad tidings from on high.

4 But tho' our earthly pastors fail,
And disappointment be our lot,
We have a friend within the vail
Who loves us and forgets us not.

5 Tho' earthly shepherds faint and die,
And timid sheep are left alone,

We may with confidence rely
On him who pleads before the throne

6 And when the happy time arrives,
When shepherds and their flocks
shall meet,
Where the great shepherd ever lives,
We'll cast our crowns before his feet.

Hymn 68. L. M.

1 Oft has my lamentation been,
For prevalence of actual sin;
How often in trasgression run,
How often duties left undone.

2 But when I turn my eyes within,
And view the cause of outward sin
In all its *native serpent form*,
It well may give me more alarm.

3 Here I behold the Tyrant pride,
With envy seated by her side,
Deceit, ambition, jealousy,
And all their *black* fraternity.

4 Now startled at the dismal sight,
I fain would fix myself for flight,
But, whither from them can I flee?
Where'er I go they follow me.

5 And does there no relief abound?
And can no remedy be found?
The grace of God alone I see,
From ev'ry evil sets us free.

6 There is a land, a happy shore, [more,
Where these complaints prevail no
O may I on that shore be found, [sound.
When the Arch-angel's trump shall

Hymn 69. L. M.

1 O God of grace in love draw near,
And my petitions deign to hear;
O! sacred privilege, and may
So vile a wretch attempt to pray?

2 Through all my life thou know'st I've been
Surrounded by the snares of sin,
And for protection ev'ry hour
Need thy protecting hand of power.

3 The world adorn'd with smiles appear
To make me seek my portion here,
The sinful flesh still claims her part
To lead astray my thoughtless heart.

4 The love of wealth the love of fame
And love of self my heart inflame,

But ah! too seldom do I see
An inward longing after thee.

5 But my confessions Lord are vain
While unsubdued my sins remain,
And these however great they be
Must be subdued alone by thee.

6 Then guide me through this wilderness,
And in the hour of deep distress,
Support me by thy gracious hand
And bring me to the promis'd land.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Hymn 70. L. M.

1 Did not our hearts within us burn,
We hear the old disciples say,
When Jesus whom we now discern,
Convers'd with us upon the way?

2 Did not our hearts within us burn,
Let ev'ry ransomed sinner sing;
The day that we were brought to learn
That Jesus did salvation bring.

3 Did not our hearts within us burn
When at Jehovah's mercy seat,
The way of life anew to learn
We did our christian brethren meet?

4 Did not our hearts within us burn
When we in pious converse sat?
From evening's shade to rising morn,
Nor thought the moments long nor late.

5 Does not our hearts within us burn
When we anticipate with hope,
That Jesus shall again return,
To make his chosen jewels up?

6 Will not our hearts within us burn
When we the great assembly see,
And Jesus face to face discern,
And sing the song of victory?

7 The song of Moses and the Lamb
Shall all the happy millions learn,
And loves divine immortal flame
In every heart forever burn.

Hymn 71. 886, 886.

1 The gracious Lord my shepherd is,
He all my num'rous wants supplies,
Wherever called to go:
He leads me forth in pastures green,
And where his chosen flocks are seen,
The living waters flow.

2 He cheers my fainting soul with grace,

And clothes me with his righteousness,
For his own mercy's sake:
And tho' I pass thro' death's dark vale,
His promises will never fail,
His word he cannot break.

3 Thou hast a bounteous table spread,
Of choicest wine and living bread,
Before my enemies:
My head no lack of ointment knows,
My cup with blessing overflows;
Let thanks to thee arise.

4 Goodness and mercy various ways,
Shall follow me through all my days,
While on this mortal shore;
And when I quit this earthly land
Convey me where at thy right hand,
Are joys forever more.

Hymn 72. C. M.

1 When prone to murmur or complain,
About our present lot,
Think how the Lamb for sinners slain,
Was slighted and forgot.

2 We find him at no splendid Inn,
When he appeared on earth;
But he was in a Manger seen,

When Angels sung his birth.

3 No sounding titles Jesus bore,
To charm the human ear;
But was esteemed of parents poor,
And called the CARPENTER.

4 He spent his life in doing good,
By words and actions mild;
But wicked men the Lord withstood,
And all his acts reviled.

5 The foxes have their lodgings near,
The flying birds a nest,
But the Redeemer had not where
To lay his head to rest.

6 And ere the crown of thorns he wore,
His chosen fol'wers ran;
And one alas profanely swore,
He never knew the man.

7 Yet Jesus conquered death and hell,
And now in triumph reigns,
And countless Hosts his vic'tries tell,
Thro' all the heavenly plains.

8 And they who suffer with him here
When he returns again, [wear
The conq'ror's glorious crown shall
And rise and with him reign.

Hymn 73. L. M.

1 Why weepest thou poor mourning soul,
O'er whom the floods of sorrow roll?
Turn to the kind Redeemer, turn,
His voice shall comfort all that mourn.

2 Why weepest thou believer say?
With countenance sad from day to day,
Dost thou complain of foes within—
The blood of Jesus frees from sin.

3 Refrain from tears ye chosen race,
Ye soon shall reach that happy place,
Where songs your golden harps employ
And joy alone, succeeds to joy.

Hymn 74. L. M.

1 Unite ye christians heart and hand,
And march in love to Canaan's land,
Where saints of every nation rest,
In Paradise forever blest.

2 Permit a friend though vile as I
To join your happy company;
I love to see the glorious sight,
For christians are my hearts delight.

3 We'll talk of Jesus as we go,
Through this waste wilderness below,

Until we reach the heavenly shore,
Where desert lands prevail no more.

4 We'll sing of Jesus by the way,
That leads to everlasting day,
And when we meet the ransom'd throng
We'll join to sing a sweeter song.

5 "All hail! the Lamb that once was slain"
Shall echo through the heavenly plain,
And thro' the rounds of endless days,
And endless hallelujah raise.

NEW-YEAR.

Hymn 75. C. M.

1 My fleeting life will soon be gone,
How fast it flies away—
Revolving time has hurried on
Another New-Year's day.

2 Let me survey the year that's flown,
And take a fair review,
Of follies, many Lord I own,
But duties O how few.

3 My sins before thee stand confest,
Thou know'st the total sum;
O grant me pardon for the past,
And strength for time to come.

4 Till landed on the blissful shores,
Of blest eternity,
From sins and sorrows, doubts and fears
And every evil free.

YOUTH ADDRESSED.

Hymn 76.

1 How did a little captive maid
A famous warrior teach,
"O that my master was," she said,
"Within the Prophet's reach."

2 "He'd heal him of his leprosy,
And make him sound again,"
And when the Syrian deign'd to try,
He wash'd, and he was clean.

3 How beautiful when lovely youth,
Can point the way to heaven
To older ones, and show in truth
How sins may be forgiven.

4 Then children early seek the Lord,
And when you come to die,
Eternal life is your reward,
Beyond the starry sky.

Hymn 77. C. M.

1 Remember thy Creator now.

While in the days of youth;
To your divine Redeemer bow,
And seek the ways of truth.

2 For they who seek him young, shall find
Pardon for ev'ry sin;
A calm of conscience, peace of mind,
And endless glory win.

3 But they who slight his voice so sweet,
And wait for better years;
Shall but increasing troubles meet,
And sad perplexing cares.

4 Then come to Jesus while you may;
Obey the gospel sound;
Youth is the day, the precious day,
When mercy may be found.

PARTING.

HYMN 78. 5 5 8, 5 5 8.

1 Dear brethren, farewell!
No mortal can tell
My love and affection for you.
Now bound for one land,
I give you my hand;
My brethren and sisters, adieu!

2 Though I must go 'way.

And here you shall stay,
Whilst we all feel unwilling to part,
In Jesus beloved
At a distance removed,
We shall still be united in heart.

3 Should we meet no more
On this sorrowful shore,
When Gabriels loud trumpet shall sound,
From our graves we shall rise,
And ascend to the skies,
And there all together be found.

4 And when we shall meet,
With emotions so sweet.
And in God's high praises engage,
We'll there see our friends,
Of the most distant lands,
And pilgrims of every age.

5 "Hallelujah aloud
Shall resound from the crowd,
Hallejah to Jesus' name;
Our garments are clean,
He hath cleans'd us from sin,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb."

6 O brethren, may we,
The great multitude, see

On holy Jeruslem's plain,
Forever to rest,
In Paradise blest,
And never be parted again.

Hymn 79. L. M.

1 Farewell ye saints my hearts delight,
I bid you all adieu to-night;
But when we all shall parted be,
I hope you will remember me.

2 The very thought that I must part,
From those I love dejects my heart,
But hope when them no more I see,
They will in love remember me.

3 The saints I never can forget, [sweet,
Their words, their very names are
And though I most unworthy be,
I hope they will remember me.

4 I've tried to preach, I've tried to pray,
From house to house both night and day;
Then when my face no more you see,
In all your prayers remember me.

5 Now here's my heart and here's my hand
To meet you in the heavenly land,
Where I with joy each face shall see,
And you with joy remember me.

Hymn 80. L. M.

1 Farewell my christian friends farewel'
By precious blood redeem'd from hel
Although it grieves our every heart,
The time has come for us to part.

2 My brother preachers, here's my hand,
To meet you in Immanuel's land;
Yet while you travel here below,
The glorious gospel trumpet blow.

3 Adieu my aged friends adieu,
My fathers and my mothers too;
Though with the toils of age you bend,
Yet Jesus, Jesus is your friend.

4 The welcome message soon shall come,
To call you to your peaceful home,
And there I hope to meet with you,
Adieu my aged friends adieu.

5 Ye younger soldiers of the cross,
Who count all earthly treasures dross,
That you may know Immanuel—
Farewell young brethren all farewell.

6 Farewell poor souls with sin oppress,
Who pant to find the christains rest,
To your Redeemer's voice attend,
He is the weeping mourners friend.

7 Poor thoughtless sinners too farewell,
Forsake the road that leads to hell,
That you may reach the happy plains,
Where Christ the friend of sinners
reigns.

8 Farewell to all: your souls I love,
O may we meet in peace above,
And set and tell our sufferings o'er,
Thro' endless years, but part no more.

Hymn 81. C. M.

1 Adieu my friends the time has come,
When we must separate,
But though we all must now go home,
We hope again to meet.

2 We hope to meet another day,
To worship Christ our king,
Again unitedly to pray—
Again his praise to sing.

3 But should we meet no more below,
In fellowship so sweet,
We hope when freed from sin and woe,
Around the throne to meet.

4 What heav'nly raptures shall be sung,
On that celestial shore,
When rich and poor and old and young,
Shall meet to part no more.

HYMN 82. 12. 11.

1 Farewell my dear brethren so sweetly
united, [must all part,
The time is approaching when we
With such christian union my soul is
delighted, [join in heart.
And though I must leave you we still

2 The thought of our parting my spirit
depresses, [meet no more,
But should we dear brethren on earth
I hope to sit with you in heavenly pla-
ces, [bright shore.
When we meet together on Canaan's

3 My brethren and sisters that love one
another, [band,
And travel together in one happy
When I am departed still pray for your
brother, [you his hand.
Who now (tho' unworthy) presents

4 And when we shall pass over death's
stormy ocean, [more.
And travel this wilderness region no
With warmer affection, and kinder emo-
tion, [bright shore.
We'll hail one another on Canaan's

5 Farewell ye old pilgrims, dear fathers and mothers, [an end,
Your warfare will very soon be at
And then you shall meet all your sisters and brothers, [happy land.
Who travelled before you to that

6 For there now the general assembly are singing,
And wait the arrival of myriads more
Where flowers are blooming, and fountains are springing, [bright shore.
To comfort the pilgrims on Canaan's

7 My younger companions just entered the army, [wave;
Behold the red banner triumphantly
While you follow Jesus no evil can harm you, [the grave.
For he will go with you to death and

8 Then borne on the stream of love's fathomless ocean, [row is o'er,
You'll enter the port where all sor-
Where millions shall join with immortal devotion, [shore.
To sing hallelujah on Canaan's bright

Hymn 83. L. M.

1 I go the way of all the earth—
How trifling now this world to me,
Since I'm prepar'd to tell its worth,
And view its splendid vanity.

2 I go the way of all the earth—
Farewell, ye empty scenes, farewell!
Your choicest flowers of carnal mirth
But strew the path that leads to hell.

3 I go the way of all the earth—
Adieu, my Christian friends adieu,
Your souls have known a heavenly birth,
Ye soon shall leave for glory too.

4 I go the way of all the earth—
Ah! thoughtless sinner did ye know
The deathless soul's transcendent worth
You'd cry in haste, 'What shall we do?'

5 Ye myriads now by sin enthrall'd
Forsake your vanity and mirth;
O seek the Lord, before you're called
To go the way of all the earth.

Hymn 84. S. M.

1 To-day we celebrate,

The funeral of a friend,
Who sat and talked with us of late,
While mortal life remained.

2 But now his days are o'er,
The Messenger has come,
And call'd his spirit from this shore,
His body to the tomb.

3 Behold his mother weep,
His kind companion mourn,
His children sigh with anguish deep,
His neighbors look forlorn.

4 Yet while we mourn, his loss,
We consolation gain,
His death we trust, (though grief to us,)
Is his eternal gain.

5 In life he bowed the knee,
To him who hears the cries,
Of guilty souls that to him flee
And bids the wretched rise.

6 When yielding up his breath,
He bade the world adieu, [death,
And triumphed o'er the powers of
With glory in his view.

7 We hope this moment he,

With the bright armies sing,
"O! grave where is thy victory—
O death where is thy sting."

8 No widows tears are there
No orphans cries are known;
But all in perfect joy appear,
That stand around the throne.

9 There, children, parents meet,
And wives and husbands too,
And sing with joy and concord sweet,
The song that's ever new.

10 May you my friends and I,
Join that immortal train,
And praise to all eternity,
The Lamb that once was slain.

Hymn 85. L. M.

1 The messenger of death has come,
Commission'd by the king of kings;
And call'd our worthy brother home,
Where pilgrims rest and Gabriel sings.

2 Nature has ebb'd and flow'd her last,
The soul with pinion'd spirits rise,
The parting pangs of death are pass'd,
And low in dust the body lies.

3 Surviving friends from grief refrain,
Nor breathe a sigh nor drop a tear;
Your loss is his eternal gain,
He's freed from ev'ry evil here.

4 Like him, our spirits soon shall fly
From this unfriendly house of clay,
To kindred souls above the sky,
And be as bright and blest as they.

5 Our flesh shall rest secure from fear,
Among the tenants of the ground;
Till in the judgment day we hear,
The trumpets animating sound.

6 Arise ye sleeping saints arise,
Now let the soul and body join:
And following Jesus to the skies,
In his own glorious likeness shine.

Hymn 86. L. M.

1 Where are our pious kindred gone?
From this vain world—to worlds unknown,
With Abraham and Isaac blest,
And all who gained the promised rest.

2 Thro' tribulation deep they pass'd,
But now arrived in heaven at last,
On Zion's holy mount they stand,

Adorned in white, with harps in hand.

3 O, could we view, like John of old,
When brought in vision to behold
This holy, happy company,
From sin and death forever free;

4 We should this lower world forget,
In view of glory so complete,
And long for golden harps to sing
The triumphs of our conq'ring king.

5 Lord fit us for that heavenly land;
Then bring us round thy throne to stand,
To view thy face, to join the throng,
And sing the new eternal song.

Hymn 87. L. M.

1 Adieu, thou lifeless clay adieu,
The Lord has called thy spirit home,
Thy corpse to day thy friends may view,
Then place it in the silent tomb.

2 But O the disembodied soul,
Sits peaceful by thy Savior's side,
And while eternal ages roll,
Shall rest among the Sanctified.

3 Nor shall thy body long remain,
In darkness and confusion here,

But shall re-animate again,
And in a glorious form appear.

4 Exalted to their high abode,
The soul and body both shall join,
And fashion'd like the Son of God,
Appear all glorious and divine.

5 There shall they with their Savior rest,
And in his heavenly Kingdom reign,
And through unnumber'd ages blest,
Shall never never part again.

6 And thus to all eternity,
Shall glorified immortals sing,
"O grave where is thy victory,
O vanquished death where is thy sting."

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

Hymn 88. L. M.

1 Where are the pious parents; say, [day?
Who mourn their children's death to-
The Savior speaks, and speaks to you;
Attend, his words are kind and true.

2 Permit your little ones to come
To me, I will conduct them home;
Encircled in my arms of love;

I'll bear their infant souls above.

3 Tho' nature binds, forbid them not;
They all shall find a happy lot,
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb,
And rest in New Jerusalem.

4 Secure from sorrow, death, and pain,
They sit upon a flow'ry plain;
And while eternal ages glide,
Shall rest among the sanctified.

5 Then dry your tears and cease to weep,
Your babes have only dropp'd asleep;
With them in Heaven ye soon shall be,
And never leave their company.

6 O happy time! the joy how sweet,
When parents and their children meet,
And with united voice, proclaim
Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb!

HYMN 89. 7, 6.

1 What mean those lamentations,
That fasten on my ear?
It is the grief of parents,
With many a sigh and tear;
Like she who once was weeping,
Absorbed in deepest thought,
For when she sought her children,

Alas! she found them not.

2 But hark! the sounds of comfort,
"Thy voice from grief refrain;
They are not lost forever,
They shall return again.
Though now in distant regions,
E'en in the land of death,
When Gabriel sounds his trumpet,
I'll give them back their breath.

3 Their lives shall be eternal,
(For time is pass'd away,)
Mid scenes forever vernal,
That suffer no decay:
On Canaan's pleasant borders,
Where saints immortal reign,
You shall behold your children,
When they return again."

4 Then dry your tears ye parents,
And pine in grief no more,
You soon shall follow after
The millions gone before:
Where saints of every nation
With Christ their head shall reign,
And sing complete salvation,
From death return'd again.

HEAVEN.

Hymn 90. L. M.

1 Behold the new Jerusalem,
The Holy City of the Lamb,
The habitation of the blest,
The mansions of eternal rest.

2 Her pearly gates display to view,
A scene forever rich and new,
Her walls with beauties all unknown,
Adorn'd with every precious stone.

3 Her streets are paved with purest gold,
And shine with lustre yet untold,
And in the midst both deep and wide,
Celestial waters gently glide.

4 There saints of every nation meet,
From sins and sorrows saved complete,
In peace forevermore to dwell,
And bid to earth and time farewell.

Hymn 91. C. M.

1 How pure the joy of Christian love,
Their fellowship is sweet;
How kind their sacred passions move
When saints together meet.

2 Their words are words of joy and peace,

Their hopes are all the same,
While mutual thoughts of life and bliss
Their ev'ry heart inflame.

3 But ah! these draughts of bliss below
Are often mix'd with gall;
For streams of bitter waters flow
Around this Earthly ball.

4 Confusion settles on the face
That lately wore a smile,
And scenes of sorrow and distress
Our choicest hours beguile.

5 But there's a land secure from woe,
A calm and peaceful shore,
Where streams of living waters flow,
And sorrows rise no more.

6 There shall the saints together meet,
And circle round the throne,
And their Immanuel's name repeat
In ecstacies unknown.

Hymn 92. C. M.

1 O happy day when will it come?
The time is drawing near,
When Zion's pilgrims shall get home,
And rest forever there.

2 Released from all their trials here,
They shall together dwell,
Nor thro' eternal ages hear,
The painful sound *farewell.*

3 Lord when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And saints thy glory see;
Permit my trembling soul to hope,
That I may dwell with thee.

4 There let me meet my friends again,
That now I love to see,
And in their company remain,
Throughout eternity.

HYMN 93. C. M.

1 There is a land, a happy land,
A land of sacred rest,
Where all the friends of Jesus stand,
In spotless garments dress'd.

2 There is a land where shades of night
Forever fly away,
And glory, with meridian light,
Spreads one eternal day.

3 There is a land where sin and pain
Forevermore shall fly;
A land where death shall never reign,
A land where sorrows die;

4 A land where living waters roll,
And gentle currents flow,
To solace every weary soul,
And banish every woe.

5 There is a land where christians meet,
They meet and part no more;
They sit in heavenly union sweet,
And talk their suff'rings o'er.

6 O Lord! permit a wretch like me
To dwell at thy right hand,
And join that happy company,
In that delightful land.

Hymn 94. C. M.

1 The sky is fair, the sun is bright,
And nature smiles around;
The feather'd tribes their songs unite,
In one harmonious sound.

2 The groves are clad in vernal green,
With flowers the plains appear;
And breezes play across the scene,
Th' enraptured sense to cheer.

3 But soon the pleasing charm is fled;
Behold the low'ring skies,
The sun is now with clouds o'erspread,
And rain in torrents flies.

4 The spring itself must yield one day,
To autumn's hopeless gloom,
And nature's beauties fade away,
And wither in the tomb.

5 But there's a land a joyful place,
Where suns shall brighter shine,
And myriads of a happier race,
Unite in songs divine.

6 There chilling winds shall never blow,
Nor hurricanes arise.
Nor gloomy clouds of human woe,
O'erspread the tranquil skies.

7 The tree of life shall flourish fair,
The nations to console;
And living waters sweet and clear,
In chrystal currents roll.

8 And what shall sweeten all the rest
In this celestial land,
Is that the raptures of the blest,
Shall never never end.

Hymn 95. C. M.

1 The vale of tears will soon be past,
And weary pilgrims stand,
Where saints and angels meet at last,

On Canaan's happy land.

2 No pains shall ever reach that shore,
Nor sins nor sorrows rise,
But Jesus wipe the falling tear,
From all his foll'wer's eyes.

3 No dreary nights o'erspread with gloom
Nor chilling tempests roar,
But sharon's roses ever bloom,
On that celestial shore.

4 No thirst nor hunger shall invade,
The mansions in the skies,
But living waters living bread,
Abound in rich supplies.

5 The saints shall all be join'd in heart,
And in that happy place,
Shall never die, shall never part,
But sing redeeming grace.

6 O happy people, happy land,
When shall my soul arise,
To join that holy happy band,
And triumph in the skies.

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

Hymn 96. L. M.

1 Appear to our relief, appear,

Thou God of love, and prince of peace,
Our bitter lamentations hear,
And bid our sighs and sorrows cease.

2 Ah! dost thou ask our cause of grief,
Dear Lord the cause thou knowest well,
And who can grant the saints relief,
But he who saves their souls from hell.

3 We mourn for Zion's low estate—
See how her palaces decay,
Her famous courts are desolate,
Her children filled with sad dismay.

4 Her sons and daughters seek relief,
In cries to thee with every breath,
Her older friends oppress'd with grief,
Draw near the silent shades of death.

5 Her singing men and women too,
Her holy prophets and her priests,
Are feeble, fearful, faint, and few,
And none attend her solemn feasts.

6 But thou canst make her smile again,
And all her habitations cheer,
And fill them with a numerous train,
"Appear to our relief, appear."

Hymn 97. C. M.

1 Art thou the man I've often seen,
And knew thine eyes were blind?
To grant thee sight, what hand has been
So powerful and so kind?

2 "A man the people Jesus call,
In pity look'd on me;
Anointed first each sightless ball,
Then bade me wash and see."

3 But he it is our rulers say,
Is vilest on the globe;
And miracles performed this way,
Are done thro' Beelzebub.

4 "Say what they may, I feel inclined
His advocate to be;
For this I know, I once was blind,
And now I know I see.

5 "Nor was it known since time began
That one devoid of sight;
Should by the power of sinful man,
Behold the glorious light.

6 "If he possess'd an evil mind,
His works would evil be;
But is it sin that creatures blind,
Should thus be brought to see?"

7 The christian in his darkest hour,
Tho' often at a stand [low'r,
When threat'ning tempests round him
Can say as said this man:

8 "I cannot tell all that's design'd
Of heaven concerning me:
But this I know I once was blind
And now I know I see."

Hymn 98. C. M.

1 Do not I love thee dearest Lord,
And long to dwell with thee!
Do not I love thy precious word,
And love thy saints to see?

2 Dear Savior if I love thy name,
Why filled with doubt and fear?
Why not adore the bleeding Lamb
And view him ever near?

3 Why should the treach'rous snares of [*pride*,
Destroy my peace and rest,
Or *av'rice* warp my soul aside,
And drive me from thy breast?

4 Why should the sight of earthly toys
Estrange my heart from thee?
If I of the eternal joys,
A single glimpse could see?

5 O dearest Savior if thou art,
My shepherd and my song,
To love thee better tune my heart,
And tune my languid tongue.

6 Let me before thy gracious throne,
In low submission fall,
That I no God but thee may own,
My Savior and my all.

Hymn 99 7 6.

1 Entreat me not to leave thee,
My heart to thee is joined,
To separate would grieve me,
I cannot stay behind;
I'll go where e'er thou goest,
And lodge along with thee,
For very well thou knowest,
I love thy company.

2 Entreat me not to leave thee,
Thy land and people too,
If willing, shall receive me,
A proselyted Jew:
Now Moab's Idols grieve me,
To Israel's God I'm join'd,
Entreat me not to leave thee,
I cannot stay behind.

3 Entreat me not to leave thee,

For when thou com'st to die,
The dust shall there receive me,
And side by side we'll lie;
Death never shall bereave me,
Of one so truly kind,
Entreat me not to leave thee,
I cannot stay behind.

4 Entreat me not to leave thee,
When thou to heaven ascends,
And Zion's King receives thee,
Among his chosen friends:
To linger here would grieve me,
My heart to heaven is join'd,
Entreat me not to leave thee,
I cannot stay behind.

Hymn 100. C. M.

1 I Owe eternal thanks to thee,
My Savior and my God,
For gifts so num'rous and so free,
So richly shed abroad.

2 Protector of my infant days,
Kind guardian of my youth;
Reclaimer from my wand'ring ways,
And guide to life and truth.

3 When plung'd in all the depths of sin,

Thy mercy found me there;
Thy spirit gave me peace within,
And banish'd my despair.

4 When prone to a back-sliding heart,
Thy love as oft revealed,
Has made me from my Idols part,
And my backslidings heal'd.

5 And when I leave this world of grief,
Thy promise firm endures;
Thou shalt conduct my spirit safe,
To Canaan's peaceful shores.

6 There, where admiring angels sing,
And living pleasures roll,
I would behold and praise my King,
With glory in my soul.

6 This song of gratitude shall rise,
To all eternity;
While all the armies of the skies
Shall join the harmony.

Hymn 101. C. M.

1 In Israel Sheba's Queen appear'd,
From lands remote, who came
To test the truth of what she heard,
Of Israel's monarch's fame.

2 His works and wisdom now exprest.
Her powers so much controll'd,
She in astonishment confest
That half had not been told.

3 Then off'ring gifts and blessings kind,
To her own realms repair,
With animated heart and mind,
To spread the tidings there.

4 Methinks I see whole crowd's advance,
While she to them makes known
The wisdom and magnificence
Of David's royal son.

5 The men of Nineveh shall rise,
With this illustrious Queen;
And shame the men that dared despise
The greater Savior's reign.

6 And not alone the stubborn Jew,
By Christ distinctly named,
But unbelieving Gentiles too,
Be equally condemned.

7 Columbia's sons, ye favored bands,
Repent without delay,
Lest Heathens and Mahomedans
Upbraid you in that day.

8 With matchless grace and glory crown'd
The King of Saints behold;
And tell the list'ning nations round
That half was never told.

Hymn 102. 7's

1 Jesus if I love thee not,
Be all other loves forgot;
If I have no joy in Thee,
What are other joys to me.

2 What are all the the things of earth?
Riches, honors, pleasures, mirth;
Lord if destitute of Thee,
All things else are vanity.

3 May I seek celestial wealth,
May I crave immortal health,
Let me after honors pant,
Which the Lord alone can grant.

4 Let me like thy people live—
When I die my soul receive—
Take me from a world of strife,
To the realms of endless life.

5 There the weary and distrest,
In thy peaceful Kingdom rest,
May it be my happy lot,
There to be in safety brought.

6 There the heavenly hosts proclaim,
Worthy! worthy! is the Lamb!
Tho' the meanest child of grace,
Let me join their song of praise.

Hymn 103. C. M.

1 The book which God in love has sent,
To guide the christian race,
Affords us much encouragement,
In every trying case.

2 It says when evils fill the land,
And the contagion spread,
God will preserve a little band,
To worship him indeed.

3 A poor afflicted people they,
No earthly honors boast,
But serve the Lord from day to day,
And make his name their trust.

4 Lord let me dwell among the poor,
The poorest of them all,
And oh my doubting soul assure,
She knows thy special call.

5 In heaven I'd take the poorest place,
If such distinctions be,
So I with them might see thy face,
Nor leave their company.

6 I long to reach Jerusalem,
Released from sin complete;
Thy poor of every age and name,
Shall there together meet.

Hymn 104. L. M.

1 When God his gracious name made known,
In ancient times to Solomon;
He bade him ask him that request,
Of all the gifts he counted best.

2 He passed the sound of *honors* by,
And let the world's bright treasures lie;
Nor for long life on earth did call,
But wisdom chose as best of all.

3 How few, alas, in later days, [ways,
Make their first choice of wisdom's
But after *folly* persevere,
Tho' disappointed three score year.

4 Their hopes like bubbles on the wave,
Burst as they fly towards the grave;
Yet in pursuit they close their eyes,
And as they live, they die *unwise.*

5 Teach us the choices Lord to shun,
That thousands make and are undone;

But lead us on by wisdom's voice,
To better world's and purer joys.

Hymn 105. C. M.

1 How sad the weeping female was,
When she her Savior sought;
She angels saw in shining clothes,
But found her master not.

2 She saw him but still undisclosed,
Altho' he spake to her;
She answered him, but still supposed
He was the Gardener.

3 "If thou hast borne him hence, said she
Sir, tell me where he lies,
And I will run and bear away,
From thence the sacred prize."

4 But when his accents, "Mary" cried,
She knew his charming voice,
"My dear Rabboni" she replied,
While all her powers rejoice.

5 O could I hear what Mary heard,
My Savior call my name,
That language coming from my Lord
Should all my powers inflame.

6 I'd prostrate fall before his feet

And wish no other friend
And seek no other bliss to meet
But what he would extend.

7 Dear Savior keep me near to thee,
While in this earthly lot,
For there shall peace and safety be,
Tho' I perceive it not.

8 'Till brought to New Jerusalem,
The city of my heart,
I hear thy voice pronounce my name,
And see thee as thou art.

Hymn 106. C. M.

1 Religion walks a narrow path,
And lets beholders see,
How outward works, and inward faith,
In unison agree.

2 While error treads the flow'ry plains,
And feeds on vice and sin;
From all the world's polluted stains,
Religion's robes are clean.

3 She listens to affliction's voice—
She hears the mourner's cry—
She makes the broken heart rejoice,
And wipes the weeping eye.

4 She knows the language of distress,
And helps as well as grieves;
The widow and the fatherless,
She pities and relieves.

5 She comforts in the hour of death,
And shows our sins forgiven—
She wings the soul with hope and faith,
And wafts it up to heaven.

Hymn 107. L. M.

1 Hear what a thoughtless worldling said,
"My soul pursue thine ease,
For thou hast goods and treasures laid,
In store for many days."

2 But what says God—(attend the call,)
"Thy soul's required of thee—
Then tell me sinner whose shall all
Thy vast possessions be."

3 How many at this very hour,
Esteem this earth their home,
And count thy happiness secure,
For many days to come.

4 But death's dark night is rolling on,
And they that night must see,
Which from this world conduct them on
To vast eternity.

5 O dismal state of speechless woe!
  Without a friend to save—
No hope remaining here below,
  And none beyond the grave.

6 How will it rack the sinners heart,
  Their injur'd judge to see,
And hear the awful sound, "depart,
  To endless misery."

7 O Lord in tender mercy look,
  On sinners here to-day,
And write their names in life's fair book
  And take their sins away.

8 Then when the call of death shall come,
  'Twill be no cause of fear.
But angels shall conduct them home,
  To meet their Savior there.

Hymn 108. C. M.

1 When shall the chilling winds be o'er?
  When shall the flowers appear?
Our dying comforts to restore—
  Our drooping hearts to cheer.

2 When shall we hear the turtle dove,
  Announce the joyful spring?
Responsive sounds of dying love,

Through hills and vallies ring.

3 When shall the sun of righteousness,
With healing beams arise?
And with congenial brightness bless,
The land where darkness lies.

4 When shall the pleasing south wind blow,
And waft a rich perfume,
To make the rose in vallies grow,
To make the lillies bloom?

5 Lord let thy sweet salvation roll,
That our glad eyes may see,
The truth prevail from pole to pole,
Thy praise from sea to sea.

Hymn 109. L. M.

1 Behold the pious men,
And mark the pure in heart;
Who find that godliness is gain,
And choose the better part.

2 In beauty shall they shine,
And when their days shall cease,
Their sun shall pleasantly decline,
And set in lasting peace.

3 And while their dust shall lay,

Confin'd within the tomb,
Religion shall their souls convey,
Beyond the dismal gloom.

4 Convey'd to parts of peace,—
No more with sin distrest,
The wicked shall from troubling cease,
The weary be at rest.

Hymn 110. L. M.

1 O Lord permit a wretch to pray,
Nor cast so vile a worm away,
Tho' by my deeds I know full well,
I justly am deserving hell.

2 I ask no blessing earth contains,
Her choicest pleasures end in pains;
They glitter like the morning dew,
Then fade forever from the view.

3 I ask no hills of golden ore,
Nor health that should be valued more,
Nor do I crave the trump of fame,
To sound a mortals empty name.

4 But should thou my petitions hear,
And grant a sinner's ardent pray'r,
My first request is sins forgiven,
And after death a rest in heaven,

5 I do not ask the highest seat,
For this I know myself unfit,
But Lord if I may dwell with thee,
The lowest is too high for me.

6 But when the shining armies raise,
An anthem of harmonious praise,
O may I with thy followers join,
In adoration so divine.

Hymn 111. L. M.

1 Jesus, how sweet it is to trace
The blest memorials of thy grace,
And let our fond affections run
O'er happy seasons past and gone.

2 O, how we recollect with joy, [ploy,
When prayer and praise were our em-
By day or night, at home, abroad,
We still had fellowship with God.

3 Sweet was the time and fair the lot,
Nor can it ever be forgot,
When we, with christians, met to sing
The praises of our heavenly King.

4 Then did the saints in union meet,
And join in conversation sweet;
And strangers gath'ring round could tell

"These brethren wish each other well."

5 O, how melodiously they sung,
While sweet hosannas roll'd along,
And raptures every heart inflame
With glory to the dying Lamb.

6 Then when we heard the preachers preach,
It seemed the hearts of all to reach,
The saints rejoiced, the sinners cried,
And sought a Savior crucified.

7 O, how delightful was the day,
When mercy bore their sins away,
And sweetest rapture echoed round,
"The dead's alive, the lost is found."

8 Then when the season came to part
United all remained in heart,
Each count'nance beaming joys serene;
O Lord, renew the happy scene.

PAUSE.

9 But now, alas! the scene is changed!
Some pious friends appear estranged;
While others wander far estray,
And travel the forbidden way.

10 Those, once, who sung a Zion's song,
Have now their harps on willows hung;

They, solitary sit, forlorn,
And all the ways of Zion mourn.

11 May grace remove the dismal gloom,
And make once more the desert bloom,
Or lead us to that peaceful shore,
Where tribulations rise no more.

Hymn 112. C. M.

1 Alas what inbred sins remain,
To vex the saints of God,
How oft their joys are turn'd to pain,
While in this low abode.

2 The good they all desire to do,
Too oft remains undone;
While that they never should pursue,
Seem difficult to shun.

3 A sinful vile polluted race,
What evils dwell within;
To disobey the law of grace,
And love the law of sin.

4 O! wretched being! what kind hand,
The captives shall release?
What arm can break the iron band,
And give them lasting peace.

5 Jesus thy gracious power alone,

Can set the pris'nors free,
And bring them to surround the throne,
Of spotless purity.

Hymn 113. L. M.

1 Afflicted saint the Savior hear,
He passeth by behold him near,
His condescending kindness see,
He speaks in love and speaks to thee.

2 Ye tempest tossed souls draw near,
I am your Lord you need not fear,
I once was tempest toss'd like thee,
My voice shall make the tempter flee.

3 Is poverty thy present lot,
Thy humble name is not forgot,
I who was rich was once made poor
To make thee rich forevermore.

4 Art thou distrest with torturing pain,
'Tis but the sad effects of sin,
I use this keen chastising rod,
To make thee humbly walk with God.

5 And should affliction's gloomy path
Conduct thee through the vale of death,
The gloomy vale thou need'st not fear,
While your Redeemer's voice you hear.

6 You soon shall rest on Canaan's shore,
And rest while endless years endure,
And sing with your victorious friends,
The song that never never ends.

Hymn 114. L. M.

1 He dies, he dies the Savior dies,
O what a glorious sacrifice;
'Tis he who wrought salvation's plan,
Ye multitudes behold the man.

2 Ye saints the bleeding victim view,
He suffer'd pain and grief for you,
His love towards you ever ran,
Ye chosen race behold the man.

3 Ye mourning souls with sin opprest,
Who long to be with Jesus blest;
For you the Lamb of God was slain,
Poor mourning souls behold the man.

4 Ye tho'tless ones who spend your days,
In follies broad frequented ways,
Shall Jesus die to you in vain?
Poor careless souls behold the man.

5 Soon shall the Lord again return,
And they who pierc'd his side shall
mourn—
Ye millions bound to endless pain,
How can you then behold the man.

6 But saints he comes to your relief;
Then banish all your rising grief,
For when he shall return again,
You shall with joy behold the man.

Hymn 115.

1 Awake my drooping soul and sing,
The mercies of my God and king;
And in exalted strains address,
The Lord my only righteousness.

2 He saw the state that I was in,
He saw me overwhelm'd in sin,
Forgave my crimes bestowed his grace,
And thus become my righteousness.

3 His spirit gave my soul to view,
Her danger and her refuge too,
And when reliev'd from sore distress,
I sung, the Lord my righteousness.

4 O may I reach that happy seat,
Where saints and holy angels meet,
And with admiring millions bless,
My Savior, Lord and righteousness.

Hymn 116. C. M.

1 Religion is the only good,
That mortals should pursue,
But sought in truth and understood,
Alas by very few.

2 "Seek first the road that leads to heaven
And seek God's righteousness,"
Is the command that Christ has given,
To Adam's ruin'd race.

3 And lets us know if we should gain,
The world's collected store,
Without the Lord our wealth is vain,
And still our souls were poor.

4 Awake us gracious God to see,
The dangers we are in,
And let us know the remedy,
The pardon of our sin.

Hymn 117. 7s.

1 Children ye who love to eat,
Tell me, "have ye any meat,"
Does the Lord your living head,
Feed your souls with living bread.

2 Does he send you from above,
"Hidden manna of his love,"
Do the living currents roll,
To refresh the thirsty soul.

3 Do you up in knowledge grow,
More of faith and patience know;
Do his promises impart
Consolations to your heart.

4 Ah! methinks the child replies,
"For these gifts my spirit sighs,
Yet by grace I'm made to see,
Crumbs are far too good for me,

5 "Yes one draught of life and love,
Flowing from the fount above,
Yields me peace and ends my strife,
And becomes a spring of life.

6 When my faith and love is weak,
For my "anchor hope" I seek,
Hope tho' weak can never fail,
'Hope extends within the vale,'

7 O I hope in worlds above,
To approach the throne of love,
Where the meanest child of grace,
Sings the loudest song of praise."

Hymn 118. C. M.

1 When shall I see thy lovely face
And dwell with thee above,
And triumph in that happy place,
Of purity and love.

2 Here sorrows blast each opening joy,
When in its fairest bloom,
There pleasures dwell without alloy,
And evils never come.

3 Here in this howling wilderness,
Clouds often intervene,
There we shall see the Savior's face,
Without a vale between.

4 O for that day that happy day!
When will that day arrive?
When I shall quit this cumbrous clay,
And with my Jesus live.

Hymn 119. L. M.

1 Come all ye longing souls to me,
Here's streams of mercy rich and free,
To quench your thirst and chase your fears,
And wipe away your many tears.

2 'Twas sinners that I came to call,
I died to raise them from the fall,
And those who on my name rely,
Shall never, never, never, die.

3 I have a mansion now for them,
Prepar'd in New Jerusalem,
While those who hate my name shall go
To darkness and eternal woe.

4 O sinners hear your Savior's voice,
And make the way of life your choice,

Forsake the road that leads to hell,
And listen to Immanuel.

HYMN 120. 8, 7.

1 Brethren we have met together,
At the house of God again,
And saluted one another,
While on earth we still remain.

2 What a happy pleasant meeting,
Every visage beams delight,
Christians brother christians greeting,
Angels might admire the sight.

3 Sisters too, ye tender hearted,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb,
Though you have awhile been parted,
Now you've met in Jesus' name.

4 Come and drink the living waters,
Streaming from the throne above;
Welcome Salem's weeping daughters,
In the bonds of christian love.

5 Since we've met in christian union,
May that union still remain,
While the spirits sweet communion,
Shall increase the heavenly flame.

6 May that sacred love continue,

Which you have so often felt,
That which Christ implanted in you,
When He took away your guilt.

7 While the preachers are a preaching,
Let each hearer watch and pray,
That the spirits holy teaching,
Still may guide us in the way.

8 In the way that points to heaven,
In the way that leads to rest;
Till our sins are all forgiven,
Till we are forever blest.

9 Brethren cast your eyes around you,
See what numbers yet remain,
In that state where Jesus found you,
Trav'ling to eternal pain.

10 Let us raise a joint petition,
To the ever gracious throne,
That our friend the good physician,
Would with healing power come down.

11 Pray that blessings may attend us,
When we come to separate;
And that Jesus would befriend us,
Till around his throne we meet.

12 There we'll feast on heavenly manna;
There we'll see the dying Lamb;
There we'll raise a loud hosanna,
To his ever blessed name.

Hymn 121. 11s.

1 The trumpet is sounding Recruiters are near
Enlisting of soldiers to fight in the war,
Say who will go with us come now and enlist,
Our glorious commander's the Lord Je-[sus Christ.

2 O sinner poor sinner say will you not go,
We're marching where pleasures eter-[nally flow,
Our gracious commander has said unto me,
Proclaim to lost sinners that mercy is [free.

3 Come all ye young converts and give me your name,
Who now feel determined to follow the [Lamb,
You follow your Captain down into the stream,
And as he's commanded be buried with [him

4 The Savior was buried in Jordans cold wave,
To show he must die and arise from [the grave

And now his commandments to you are proclaimed, [asham'd.
Then children obey him and don't be

5 O mourners poor mourners who view your sad state, [too late,
You fain would enlist but you fear its
Your captain has promis'd complete victory,
Arise follow Jesus he calls unto thee.

6 Ye valiant old soldiers inured to the field, [to yield,
I know by your looks you intend not
The conquest is certain, come count up the cost, [lost.
A battle your captain has never yet

7 The enemies army is gath'ring around,
The lion is roaring, O horrible sound!
Come gird on your breastplate sword helmet and shield, [the field.
And Jesus will drive him away from

8 Come brethren and sisters now join heart and hand, [bright land,
And march in sweet union to Canaan's
Where we shall all witness a victory complete,
And lay down our laurels at Jesus' feet.

9 Say who are those millions so dazzling and bright,
That sing hallelujah in regions of light?
Through great tribulation like you they all came, [blood of the Lamb.
And wash'd their Robes white in the

10 Though Jordan, cold Jordan is rolling before, [shore,
The angels all stand on the opposite
And Jesus has promis'd to bring you safe through, [you.
His mercy has open'd a passage for

11 You soon shall be with them in triumph to sing, [king,
And fall before Jesus your crucified
Where sorrow and weeping and mourning shall cease, [peace.
And witness the endless fruition of

12 You'll range the blest fields in the Canaan above,
And swim in the ocean of infinite love,
You'll cast all your crowns before Jesus again,
And sing hallelujah forever Amen.

HYMN 122. 11. [king,

1 My gracious Redeemer my God and my

[sing
My wonderful Savior thy praises I'll
I'll sing of thy mercy thy truth and thy
love, [dove.
Thou Lord of salvation thou heavenly

2 When I was a stranger thou thought
upon me, [me to thee,
And warn'd me of danger and call'd
And when I was mourning my Savior
pass'd by, [die.
And smiling assured me I never should

3 Eternal Jehovah and couldst thou de-
scend, [friend,
To be my Redeemer my God and my
And leave the bright mansions of heav-
enly day,
To suffer and die and be laid in the clay?

4 O boundless compassion and mercy un-
known, [ness shown,
Where ever before was such tender-
That God the Creator should suffer and
die,
To save as unworthy a sinner as I.

5 Ye moments of sorrow fly quickly
away, [delay,
And seasons of darkness why do you

O may I be ready to yield up my breath,
And meet with my gracious Redeemer
in death.

6 To join with the glorified spirits above,
And praise him for boundless un-
speakable love,
To gaze on his beauties forever divine,
And know that this lovely Redeemer is
mine.

Hymn 123. 9, 8.

1 O that I knew where I might find him,
I'd tell him who and what I am;
Or could I only come behind him,
And touch by faith his garments hem:
I surely should obtain his blessing;
He never cast a wretch away
Who came to him, his sins confessing
And owned how far he'd gone astray.

2 O that I knew where I might find him,
Ye daughters of Jerusalem,
If you can see him please remind him,
Of what I want, and tell my name;
Tell him I am a wand'ring stranger,
And lost without his sov'reign grace
There's no dispute about my danger,
I am of Adam's ruin'd race.

3 O that I knew where I might find him,
Ye watchmen tell me where he is;
Or with a gentle fetter bind him,
Till I can come and sue for peace—
"Full many millions now in glory [song
Have sung like you their plaintive
But now rehearse a pleasing story,
Among th' glorious ransom'd throng.'

4 What do I hear! ah now I've found him,
His voice proclaims my sins forgiven;
Ten tho'sand thousand circle round him,
That grace has borne from earth to heaven, [sions,
Soon shall I reach these blissful man-
Soon shall I join this blood washed train,
That circle round these vast expansions,
Nor mourn their absent Lord again.

Hymn 124. 11's.

1 I would not live always in troubles below— [woe:
Sad land of temptation affliction and
Our choicest enjoyments connected with earth,
Are short-lived, insipid, and little of worth.

2 I would not live always—my kindred

are fled, [dead,
My dearest relations are now with the
I seem a poor mourner all lonesome be-
low, [go.
I would not live always—but after them

3 I would not live always—my brethren
are gone, [throne,
To join with the armies that circle the
I fain would be with them to hear their
new songs,
And learn the sweet anthems of glori-
fied tongues.

4 I would not live always—I need not to
fear, [near—
To cross death's deep river if Jesus is
He cross'd it before me, a conquerer too;
And all of his foll'wers shall safely get
thro'.

5 I would not live always in this gloomy
vale,
Ye scenes of illusion I bid you farewell;
I seek a far country much better than
this,
The Canaan of promise the mansions of
bliss.

6 Ah! there I'd live always—on that hap-

py shore, [o'er,
The great tribulations of pilgrims are
All clad in white raiment, transcend-
ently bright, [light.
The song of redemption is all their de-

Hymn 125. L. M.

1 When Israel out of Egypt fled,
And thro' the wilderness were led
They thirst—and to the streams repair
But ev'ry spring is bitter there.

2 Yet God to Moses show'd a tree,
With such surprising property,
That when he cast it into it,
It made the bitter fountain sweet.

3 This world abounds in bitter streams;
And he that doubts it only dreams;
But faith in Christ the Tree of Life,
Can sweeten e'en a sea of grief.

4 O sacred Tree! of virtues rare—
No other can with thee compare,
To soothe the sorrows of the soul,
And sweeten Marah's bitter pool.

5 May we this sovereign healing know,
While in this wilderness below,

And then approach the shores above;
Where blooms this Tree of life and love.

Hymn 126. 7, 6.

1 Let the Leopards change their spots;
And of one color be;
Then we epicures and sots,
Shall pure and temp'rate see:

2 Let the Ethiop' wash his skin,
From nature's sable shade,
Then shall sinners cease from sin;
And waken from the dead.

3 Souls are sav'd by grace alone,
By free and sovereign grace,
By the Holy Ghost 'tis done,
And God shall have the praise.

4 No discordant notes are heard,
In the New Jerusalem,
Millions there with one accord,
Sing, "worthy is the Lamb."

Hymn 127. L. M.

1 Say who shall God's elect condemn?
Since his own Son for them has died
And by whose perfect righteousness,
They are completely justified?

2 Yea, he that died hath rose again,
And for his people intercedes;
And he that is well pleased with him,
Will save the souls for whom he pleads.

3 Not things above, nor things beneath,
Nor principalities nor powers--
Nor love of life, nor dread of death,
Can move this solid hope of ours.

4 "Father I will," (the Savior cries,)
"That mine be with me where I be,"
"Thy pray'r is heard," (a voice replies,)
"Thou shalt thy spirits travail see."

5 A separation can't be made,
In objects so completely join'd,
For where we find the church's head,
We there shall all the members find.

6 Awake ye saints, and praise his name
Whose arm shall bring you conq'rors through;
And when ye reach Jerusalem,
Your songs of triumph there renew.

HYMN 128. 7's.

1 In meditation, thus I said:

I will to all my ways take heed,
I'll keep a bridle on my tongue,
Lest I should utter things that's wrong.

2 From good and evil words restrain'd;
I held my peace, and silence reign'd
But soon my spirit burn'd within,
And I began to speak again.

3 "Lord make my heart to understand,
How few my days how sure their end;
For human life at best I see,
Is altogether vanity.

4 The race of man—how vain their show,
They heap up riches as they go,
But ah! how limited their claim,—
And who inherits after them?

5 Lord from transgressions set me free,
And let me put my trust in thee;
My prayer for mercy deign to hear,
Nor slay me with thy wrath severe.

6 I am as all my fathers were,
A stranger, and sojourner here—
O give me grace that I at last,
May enter in thy promis'd rest.

Hymn 129. L. M.

1 Lord send thy spirit from above,
With all its fire in all its love,
And draw thy banished ones to thee,
And set their souls from bondage free.

2 'Tis not a work of human hands,
To sunder Satan's iron bands,
But thy good word our hearts assure,
'Tis done by thy own spirits power.

3 The strong man arm'd his palace keeps,
And safely with his goods he sleeps,
Till one more strong his armors seize,
And bind and rule him as he please.

4 Thus Jesus doth the spoil divide,
And rescue those for whom he died,
And tune the hearts of old and young,
To sweetly sing redemption's song.

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Albert Allen—REFLECTIONS, FROM LOOKING ON A MERCHANT'S SIGN, SHORTLY AFTER HIS DECEASE.

Albert Allen, where is he?
I read his name above the door;
I've often seen him pleasantly
Beside his counter in the store.
Albert Allen, where is he?
His friends look sad, and say he's gone;
His dust reposeth silently,
His spirit's fled to world's unknown.
Albert Allen; where is he,
Since he has fled to world's unknown?
In shades of night, or joyfully,
With angels, round Jehovah's throne?
In secret things no mortal looks,
The God that made him only knows
Wait till the Judge, with open books,
The fate of ev'ry man disclose.
But O! my soul, a question ask,
And one that much concerneth thee;
Should death thy better part unmask,
Where will thy future station be?
In Heav'n or Hell; O solemn thought!
Dear Lord, my soul for death prepare!
Nor let it ever be forgot,
That Jesus hears and answers prayer.
My fellow mortal, passing by,

Come meditate awhile with me;
When thou like Albert Allen lie,
Where will thy deathless spirit be?
In Heav'n or Hell, we say again;
No other state but these are known.
Then seek in peace and joy to reign,
With those who triumph round the throne.

THE DREAM.

Two gay young sisters, vain and light.
Who made this world their all,
Engag'd to spend a pleasant night
At an approaching ball.
At length the wish'd for time arrived,
In vernal beauties clad,
The heart of Mary was reviv'd,
But Adaline was sad.
Why melancholy? Mary said:
Come, tell me your distress;
What gloomy cloud has overspread
Your young, your lovely face?
I Dream'd, alas! a dreadful dream;
I dream'd of death and hell.
Then since you so affrighted seem,
Be pleas'd your dream to tell?
Yes, let me know your greatest fears,
Your reasons for them show;

And if there's any cause for tears,
Then I'll be sorry too.
I dream'd my beauteous satin dress
Was finished all complete,
And we were in the very place
Where we engag'd to meet.
Joy spread thro' all the youthful crowd,
And echo'd thro' the room,
While sorrow, like a dreary cloud,
O'erspread my heart with gloom.
I thought you said, Don't be distress'd
For shortly we shall all
Be at another party, blest
With a more splendid ball.
I thought I made you no reply,
But saw a grave-yard near,
Whose marble pillars caught my eye
And fill'd my heart with fear:
I fainted soon; in sadder gloom,
My friends all gather'd near,
Convey,d me to another room,
And placed me in a chair:
There stood a looking-glass in view,
My countenance I spied,
With fainting black still blacker grew
Till in despair I died."
"Come cheer up sister; Mary cries,
No more uneasy seem:
Remember all your fears arise

From nothing but a dream."
With much persuasion she, prevail'd
To make her sister go;
Yet when she went, her heart was fill'd
With heaviness and woe.
"Cheer up, cheer up, was now the cry;
Come, join in scenes so gay;
But still she made them no reply,
And silent pass'd away.
As near the window's light she drew,
She, by the moonlight's gleam,
Beheld a grave-yard full in view,
And thought upon her dream.
The fainting fit, the chair, the glass,
Was quickly acted o'er;
And soon, ah! soon, was brought to pass
What she had dream'd before.
Fainter and fainter still she grew,
Till the cold hand of death
His icy mantle o'er her threw,
And gather'd in her breath.
How chang'd alas! is now the scene;
A corpse before you lies.
Hear what the admonitions mean,
That to the living rise.
"Ye careless ones, be wise betimes,
Forsake your sinful mirth;
That you may dwell in heavenly climes,
When life shall cease on earth.
Attend, attend, the call divine,

While in your youthful bloom,
For fear the fate of Adaline
Shall be your awful doom."

THE ANNIVERSARY: JULY 4th.

What multitudes to-day have met,
Their former pledges to renew,
The nation's birth to celebrate,
And all its splendid acts review.
'Tis true, what Orators have spoke,
We once were held in grievous thrall;
'Tis true we broke the British yoke,
And freedom gained, for one and all.
But ah! there is a stronger chain,
Connected with a heavier curse,
That binds to sins tyrannic reign
By far the greater part of us.
Alas how few reflect on this!
Their strong affections bound to earth,
Forgetful of superior bliss,
And of the soul's transcendent worth.
And yet, we must to death be brought,
And answer in a Judgement day,
For ev'ry single secret thought,
And ev'ry idle word we say.
And ah! how soon that power we dread
May bring us to that flaming bar;
And should his hand awhile be staid,
The farthest period can't be far.

Did Persia's monarch view his host,
And weep to think so great a throng,
In one short century at most,
Would to another world belong?
Then should we weep,—'twould be no crime
To think the present company,
Shall doubtless in a shorter time
Be subjects of eternity.
O let our joint petitions be,
That Christ for them may intercede;
For if the Son shall make them free,
They shall be truly free indeed.
Then let the nations rise and fall,
Let time itself grow old and die;
We'll rise superior to them all,
And dwell in better worlds on high.

THE WEST HEMISPHERE.

A NATIONAL ODE.

The West Hemisphere! yes, the land of my birth,
The choicest division of all the whole earth;
Not Europe, nor Asia, nor lands far or near,
Should once be compar'd to the West Hemisphere.
Tho' myrrh and frankincense in Asia are found,

And gold and bright diamonds profusely
abound;
Still jewels more precious are gathered
up here,
For Liberty grows in the West Hemis-
phere.
Nor can the fair isles in sunny South seas,
Where odors are wafted on every breeze,
Delight me. There pagans, their idols
revere,
But the true God is known in the West
Hemisphere.
The Israel of modern times surely are we,
Who crossed the Atlantic, if not the Red
sea;
Our fathers from houses of bondage came
here,
And freedom obtained in the West Hem-
isphere.
Jehovah fought for us and victory won,
And gave for our Moses the great Wash-
ington,
With myriads of worthies, in front and in
rear,
Defending the rights of the West Hemis-
phere,
The royal heads tremble, the priests stand
aghast,
To see human freedom established at last;

While priest-ridden Europe is fettered with fear,
The conscience is free in the West Hemisphere.
But stop, my fond muse, don't the song raise too high;
You'll not find perfection beneath the blue sky;
For sickness, and sorrow, and death still reign here:
For, alas! sin prevails in the West Hemisphere.
Lord give us repentance for national sin,
And shield us from dangers without and within;
And when time is ended, conduct us safe where
Are realms far more blest than the West Hemisphere.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, *When dying, exclaimed—"O time time!—a world of wealth for an inch of time!"*

O wretched Queen! thrice happy would it be,
Did earth contain no others such as thee,
But millions live in gaiety and crime
Nor see the value, till the close of time.
The haughty demagogue beholds the poor

With scorn—or drives him hungry from
his door, [go,
But when the "king of terrors" bids him
How glad to change with that vile beggar
now.
The mighty monarch with his armies great,
O'erruns the city, desolates the state,
Unheeded hears the child and mother cry,
Or higher lifts the shout of victory.
Anon, behold him plunging death's cold
stream,
One he can't conquer comes to conquer
him;
His spirit haunted now by hosts of crime,
He vainly offers wealth to purchase time.
Ye kings and queens, with nobles; men of
state,
Stop for a moment—ponder on your fate,
Behold your starving subjects round you
die,
While you are studying schemes of luxury.
Remember while your follies you pursue,
Their lives are just as sweet to them as
you.
Show pity then—Throw wide the bolted
door,
And feel compassion for the suffering
poor;
Like Jesus feed the starving multitude,

Since Providence has fill'd your realms
with food.
Be faithful stewards of what is in your
hands,
And scatter blessings thro' your wretched
lands.
O clothe the naked give the hungry food,
And find a luxury in doing good—
The action living shall afford you joy,
And smooth your pillow when you come
to die.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

Job chapter 28 and 29—4. Ps. 25—14.
Pr. 3—32. John. 7—17: Eph. 1—9
—18.

Wake heavenly Muse: in pleasing strains
awake,
Thy silent Harp down from the willows
take,
Dismiss thy fears, and touch a joyful
string,
And the sweet notes of heavenly wisdom
sing.
There is a path that doth entirely lie,
Beyond the vision of the "vultures eye;"
The "lion's whelps" have never traveled
there,
Nor the "fierce lion" dared to venture
near.

Nature in vain attempts to search the route:
The world by wisdom never found it out,
But those enlightened from above are blest,
To find the path the "wise and prudent" miss'd.
Gods "secret," is with all his children found,
And safely guides them on Immanuel's ground.
The *meanest weakest* child of grace can say;
"Thanks to the Lord that led me in the way."
What things of earth however rich or rare,
O heavenly wisdom! can with thee compare?
(Ah! mention not the *trump of human fame*,
An empty sound that speaks an emptier name,
Which on time's swift-wing'd pinions briskly flies,
First *shouts*, then *echoes*; then forever dies.)
Shall "Opher's gold" compared with Wisdom be,
Or all the sparkling *gems* of land and sea?

Behold their colors fade, their value fail;
But wisdoms treasures are *unsearchable.*
O! be the gift of heavenly wisdom mine;
Then would I freely all things else resign,
Since from the voice of God the language came,
That "wisdom is to fear his holy name,"
And, understanding is, "with all the heart,
From every way of evil to depart."
Her destination, is to lead the soul,
(On faith's bright pinions,) to the promised goal;
To see, and hear, and taste, the joys unknown,
Of that blest throng that circle round the throne.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

II. Sam. Chap. 1, verse 26.

I am distressed for thee, my brother,
Thy love was wonderful to me;
Oft have we talk'd to one another,
About this deathless charity.
But now our conversation's ended,
I hear thy voice on earth no more,
Since Death in angel form descended,
And bore thee to the heavenly shore.
I am distress'd for thee my brother,
Thy love was wonderful to me;
To meeting oft we've walk'd together,

Our friends and Zion's friend's to see.
But now these pleasant walks are over,
No more I see thee go and come,
Since Jesus, thy eternal lover,
Has call'd thy willing spirit home.
I am distress'd for thee my brother,
Thy love was wonderful to me;
Where shall I go to seek another,
Who will supply the place of thee?
Thank God, on earth I friends have many,
And One, I trust, within the vail,
More constant, true, and kind, than any,
Whose love and promise cannot fail.
I'll grieve no more for thee, my brother,
Altho' thy love was great to me,
But trust we'll meet with one another,
From sin, and death, and sorrows, free.
Yes, where the heavenly hosts are singing
Immanuel's praise from every tongue;
Yes, where the heavenly courts are ringing
With full redemption's charming song.

THE "PALE HORSE." Rev. vi. 8.

See the destroying angel fly,
With speed across the western sky:
See, the Pale Horse is hurrying forth,
From East to West, from South to North.
Thousands are called to yield their breath
To him who rides, whose name is Death;
And O my soul reflect again!
For hell is moving in the train.
A few are borne on wings of love,
To those fair palaces above,
Prepared for them beyond the sky,
No more to grieve no more to die.
Companions from each other torn--
The wife—the husband left to mourn;
Parents for loss of children sigh,
And children for their parents cry.
The youth who flourished yesterday,
Like some fair blossom, fresh and gay—
Now withering lies—a faded bloom,
And hastens to an early tomb.
Not all the charms of wealth and fame,
Nor age, nor sex exemption claim;
Thro' country, village, city, town,
Death mows the tribes of Adam down.
I shall remember while alive,
The scenes of forty-four and five;
My ears shall tingle with the wail
Spread thro' the Mississippian vale.

The elements themselves conspire,
The Water first and then the fire!
In scenes of complicated woe,
To bring the pride of mortals low.
Lord pity our rebellious land,
And stay the fierce destroyer's hand;
Grant us repentance, then shall we
Return from sin and follow thee.
Then when the voice of Death we hear,
'Twill prove a welcome messenger;
And bear us, safely on his wings,
Beyond the reach of earthly things.

THE PAPAL TRIUMPH.

When the news reached Rome that the reading of the Bible was prohibited in the common schools of New York, the Pope is suppossed to address his Cardinals in the following manner:

Ye faithful Cardinals, assembled here,
I bring you pleasing tidings from afar;
Our favorite scheme at length begins to work,
In the renowned young city of New York.
There Holy mother has enforced her rules,
And barr'd the Bible from the common schools;
A final triumph of our cause we pledge,
Of which this measure is the entering wedge,

In New Orleans and then in Baltimore,
Then in St. Louis till from shore to shore
We'll wrest the Bible from the people's hands,
And reign triumphant in these boasted lands,
And to secure a full majority
We'll send some millions more across the sea;
Then should affairs grow difficult at home,
In that new world we'll build a second Rome,
And having gained the power, we'll drop the mask,
Nor of the rulers any favors ask.
Where now the Peasant peacefully retires
We'll kindle up inquisitorial fires;
And make them for their puritanic zeal
The terrors of the "queen of tortures" feel.
Yes, holy fathers, there we'll bring to view,
A second day of "St. Bartholomew;"
And feast our eyes and ears with blood and groans,
And dash their rising race against the stones;
The heretics have ruled for centuries past,
But we will be revenged on them at last.
With joy infernal, thus the pontiff spoke,
With joy infernal pandemonium shook;
A sullen shout through her dark regions ran,
And echo'd back through all the Vatican.

PATRIARCHAL FRIENDSHIP.

O Friəndship child of heavenly birth,
In what sequester'd vale on earth,
  Dost thou conceal thy face?
Thy residence I fain would know,
May some kind angel deign to show,
  To me thy dwelling place.
Thou dwell'ts not in the splendid dome,
That Kings and princes call their home,
  The Palaces of state;
There sycophancy bears thy name
And demagogues thy virtues claim
  Yet broil with mutual hate.
Thou art not with the giddy train,
Whose festive mirth and jovial strain,
  The simple ones delight:
There deep conceal'd the vipers grow,
And while their fatal poisons flow,
  They live again to bite.
Thou dost not with the miser dwell,
Whose unaccommodating cell,
  Bids Friendship's joys depart;
The Widow's wail he cannot hear,
He cannot see the orphan's tear,
  For MAMMON rules his heart.
Thus as I mused one stormy day,
In pensive thought I lost my way.
  And wandered far from home;
No friendly guide nor pilot near,

No comrade's soothing voice to cheer,
And dissipate the gloom.
At length I spied a humble cot;
And in this consecrated spot,
Two ancient pilgrims lived;
They recognized me as a friend,
And while their withered arms extend,
My spirits were revived.
Soon on their little table spread,
Was milk and honey, herbs and bread,
A patriarchal meal;
I ate—they looked with pleasing eyes,
But offered no APOLOGIES,
In which pretenders deal.
The evening of that toilsome day,
In conversation passed away
Then some of Zion's songs;
With other exercises meet;
Instruction sound—devotion sweet,
Dropped from their pious tongues.
The morning came—I rose to start,
But was not suffered to depart,
Till I refreshment had;
The worthy matron of the place,
With cheerful step and smiling face,
Again her table spread
Refreshed anew, they led me out,
And well described to me the route,
That would conduct me home.

I don't regret the distance trod
I've found out Friendship's blest abode
And need no farther roam.

THE CALIFORNIANS.

See how yon moving caravan
Pursues its well directed way;
It is a Californian train, [they.
None filled with greater hopes than
Their thoughts advance to distant lands,
By day; and in their midnight dreams,
They gather heaps of golden sands
Borne down by Sacramento's streams.
Now nature smiles in lovely spring,
Wild flowers spread the way along,
Their carols make the vallies ring,
And birds of music join the song
But lo! what speeds across the path,
On his "pale horse" he passes by,
I know his name, alas! 'tis Death—
I saw his well-aimed arrows fly.
The strong men bow beneath the stroke,
And dust returns to dust again,
The silver cord of life is broke—
The golden bowl is burst in twain.
Their comrades place them in the ground
(What more could the survivors do?)
Then strew wild flowrets all around,
And bid their sleeping friends adieu.

But where's the deathless spirit flown?
This much and this is all we know,
They rise with angels round the throne,
Or sink in everlasting woe.
Ye trav'lers look on yonder stone,
Approach, and read the chisel's mark,
There CARTER lies—there FERGUSON,
And there rests Dr. E. C. PARK.
Their distant friends their fate shall learn,
With many a sigh, and many a tear,
But till the resurrection morn,
Shall never more behold them near.
Now let us pause: we all must die,
We all are on a journey too,
We soon shall reach eternity,
Then let us keep the end in view.
Some seek for wealth some sigh for fame,
Some follow pleasure's siren song;
Few make their undivided aim,
To practice right and fly from wrong.
Lord turn our hearts from vanities,
And guide us by a heavenly ray,
To seek a treasure in the skies,
That never shall be torn away.
There scenes of endless life unfold—
There friends shall meet again with friends,
And myriads sing on harps of gold,
The song that never, never ends.

WAR—AN ELEGY.

Man first in God's own image made
  Transgress'd, and sin began to reign;
Then schemes of murder soon were laid,
  Thus early Abel fell by Cain,
Tyrants have since been marching forth,
  To make their feebler fellows yield,
And age to age our hapless earth
  Has been a common battle field.
Six thousand years have nearly pass'd,
  Since this inhuman strife began,
Yet still we see in East and West,
  Man meet his death from fellow man.
We well may India's fate deplore,
  Then turn our eyes to our own land,
And view the streams of human gore,
  That stain the lovely Western strand.
The armies now returning home,
  Alas! how few in numbers found,
What of your mess-mates have become?
  "We left them on the battle ground."
The stripling lisps his father's name,
  And fancies he beholds him sure;
But, ah! poor boy! it was not him,
  You'll see your father's face no more.
The mother looks intent around,
  To spy the partner of her care,
She calls his name, but meets the sound,
  The solemn sound, "he is not here!"

"We're sorry to distress your mind,
But ah! the truth you soon must learn,
The husband *dear*, the father *kind*,
Shall never more to you return."
The hapless female swoons away—
Her little children round her cling,
And *rue* the sorrows of the day,
With *screams* that make the welkin ring.
An ag'd and trembling pair arrive,
In hope their only son to find,
"O! tell us is our child alive?"
"Alas! your son is left behind!"
They cry aloud "my son! my son!
Since thou art gone, no good we crave,
Thy loss shall bring with sorrow down
Thy grey hair'd parents to the grave."
O! cease my muse to tell the tale,
And to some wilderness retire,
'Till wars shall cease and sorrows wail,
Shall in the distant breeze expire.

"DEAD AND GONE"—AN ELEGY.

A widow pull'd her time-piece down,
Because it seemed from day to day,
To say her husband and her son,
From her embrace were torn away.
It seemed that every time it struck,
She fancied that its plaintive tone,
Was like a voice within it spoke,

And said with sadness 'dead and gone.'
But why alone the time-piece chide?
About its sad monotony,
Since all we see and hear beside,
Teaches the same—mortality.
The farmer's fields with fence decay'd
The workman's shop now left alone,
The mould'ring walls in ruin laid,
All say the same thing—dead and gone.
The rattle of the sexton's spade,
The yellow heaps that round us swell,
The hammer on the coffin lid,
The same unwelcome tidings tell.
Or thro' the silent grave-yard walk,
And view each monumental stone,
They to the passers-by can talk,
And tell us who are dead and gone.
What mean those mounds that rise to view?
"There low in dust the warriors lay;
For here was once a "Waterloo,"
Where thousands bled traditions say.
They quarrel'd for their hunting ground:
Then met in arms each mother's son,
And ere the orb of day went down,
A num'rous host were dead and gone."
The fading grass—the falling leaf—
The plaintive breeze that passes by,
All whisper to the child of grief,
That Adam's race were born to die.
The stars that glitter in the night,

The silver moon and brighter sun,
On wreck and ruin shed their light,
And join the chorus—'dead and gone.'
The changing seasons as they roll,
Proclaim the end of all things nigh,
And spread the truth from pole to pole,
Swift as the wheels of time can flay.
O may I reach the blissful shore
Where sin and death no more are known
Where millions sing forever more
That "Death itself is dead and gone."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. E—— C——.

That pious matron, where is she,
That used to meet you here?
Her absence makes a void to-day,
Has she departed?—where?
I saw her at the house of God,
And at the hour of pray'r
Have often marked how freely flow'd,
Devotion's sacred tear.
I saw her at her sick friend's side,
With form all bending low,
To learn the reasons why they sigh'd
And soothe their ev'ry woe.
I saw her when the orphan wept,
Remove the falling tear;
And while the child of sorrow slept,

Her watchful eye was near.
A ministering angel sure,
Wherever duty led;
But I can see her form no more,
Say is this matron dead?
Yes, Jesus came, and called for her,
The summon she obey'd;
Her spirit left for Mansions fair,
Her dust in dust is laid.
Now with the great assembly join'd,
Before Jehovah's throne,
Celestial raptures, lead her mind
In ecstacies unknown.
(O! could we feel that sacred fire,
With her we'd long to reign;
Nor once indulge the poor desire,
To have her back again.)
Though dead her actions speaketh still;
To us they seem to say
"Press on! press on! by faith and zeal,
In God's appointed way:
The victor's palm you soon shall bear,
And with the saints sit down;
A glitt'ring robe awaits you there,
Yes, and a starry crown."

LINES, *Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. H—— of Massachusetts, on the death of their daughter, Mrs. M——, of Illinois.*

O tell me parents, why ye weep?

"'Tis painful news received,
Our child in death's embraces sleep—
No wonder that we grieved."
We claimed a visit soon from her;
That hope is borne away;
We'll see her much-loved form no more
'Till resurrection day."
But God to Rachel says "refrain,"
Faith says the same to you:
"Your daughter you shall meet again,
And former joys renew.
She died in heavenly union joined,
To her Immanuel— [mind,
With conscience calm, and peace of
She bade the world farewell.
Her husband and her children too,
She did to God commend,
Then paus'd, and took a pleasing view,
Of Canaan's better land.
Faith led her quiv'ring lips to sing;
Love made her bosom warm;
The monster death had lost his sting,
And wore an angel's form.
The disembodied spirit fled,
To that celestial goal,
Where even death itself is dead—
Where living waters roll.
Yes, and her dust shall rest in hope
Till saints with rapture see
The grave resign its victims up,

And lose its victory.
And when we wake to sleep no more,
And meet where Jesus reigns,
We'll gather from the *Eastern* shore
And from the *Western* plains.
Then bow in due submission down,
And wipe your tears away,
And God's firm promise rest upon,
'Till that triumphant day."

LINES, *In memory of a friend.*

Wake fav'rite muse! and spread thy gentle wing, [sing—
And with thy flowing numbers sweetly
Tho' winter reigns, and pensive nature weeps, [sleeps;
Approach the tomb where TELEMACHUS
The foliage fades before December's storm, [warm.
But memory lives, and friendship's ever
Thou art not coming to a warrior's grave
To chant the triumphs of the martial brave, [state,
Who liv'd admired—at death interr'd in
With false inscription thus—"Here lies the great."
But thou approachest to the quiet dust
Of one, who put in God alone his trust,
Of one who did in life and death confess,

If ever sav'd 'twould be alone by grace.
Short are our comforts here—how soon they end;
Low lies thy former true and faithful friend:
Who in thy travels bore thee company,
And never left thee in adversity.
When pain and fever rack'd thy aching head,
This friend so constant watch'd around thy bed
To soothe thy weeping children and thy wife,
Till sickness yields again to health and life.
Oft hast thou tarried at his kind abode,
And witnessed pleasure in the gifts bestowed;
And angel hospitality could trace,
In every smile that sparkled in his face.
The halt, the lame, the poor were welcome there,
And none but idle loafers need despair.
But God's true servants were his fav'rite guests,
(Since acts the ruling passion ever tests;)
While hypocrites read in his piercing eye,
"I love your *absence* not your company."
Yet fierce sectarianism did not hold
Within his breast her empire uncontroll'd;
A *Baptist*, out and out, he was tis true,
Yet gave to other christians credit due,

Our loss is great—but cease the mur-
m'ring strain,
We trust our loss is his eternal gain: [run,
And while we still the pilgrims journey
His virtues copy—and his errors shun—
He's left forever this sad world below—
A few more days and we shall leave it too

EPIGRAM—"ALL IS LOST."

When great Napoleon's thunders flew,
Upon the plains of Waterloo;
He saw the allies melting down,
In spite of gallant Wellington.
But at this moment Blucher came,
And fifty thousand foll'wing him;
The Emp'ror saw it to his cost,
And cried despairing—"all is lost."
Ye thoughtless, vain and giddy crew,
I write this epigram for you.
Ye now the wand of pleasure wield,
As gay as graceless Chesterfield,
As fond as avarice of pelf—
As vain as vanity itself.
See death your enemy appears,
To sink your hopes and raise your fears,
The narrow stream of life is cross'd,
Your state is chang'd—and—all is lost.

ODE TO UNIVESAL LIBERTY.

The ancient tribes of man gave rule,
To patriarchal sages;

Till *Nimrod reared the monarch's school,
A scourge to after ages.
"A mighty hunter," yes, tis plain,
No other could exceed him,
He hunted down both beasts and men,
And banish'd native freedom.
Four thousand years since then have past,
And tyranny has rul'd us;
In a deep sleep hath man been cast
And kings and priests have fool'd us.
But now the shades begin to break,
With light our earth adorning,
While millions from their slumbers wake
And hail th' auspicious morning.
The rights of man, are boldly nam'd
Those rights "inalienable,"
While such as despots long have claim'd
Are found to be a fable.
Cries sycophancy in a mask,
"Touch not *the Lord's anointed*"—
Yet some have ventured on the task,
And done what God appointed.
Columbia's sons, most nobly brave,
First taught the world a lesson;
And from their happy borders drave,
The Demon of oppression.

---

*Nimrod was the first monarch. (see Gen. 10: 8—9—10, &c.

In other nation freedom sounds
And kings are seiz'd with fearing,
Lest they should lose, or find their crowns
To not be worth the wearing.
His Holiness the Pope, retreats,
To 'scape assassination,
A proof how well the Vicar meets,
The wishes of his nation.
God send his usurp'd power may fail,
Till not one living creature,
Shall dare the "man of sin" to hail,
"Successor of Saint Peter."
Lo kings retire, and prelates fly,
This era of decision!—
No brighter scenes were witness'd by
Columbus in his vision.
Freedom o'erspreads the universe,
Until the darkest region,
Rejects impostures Demon curse,
And yields to pure religion.
Now Adam's sons in every land,
When meeting with another,
Shall with a cordial shake of hand
Say "how art thou my brother."
Our happy race in concert join'd
Now laud the sacred favor,
Freedom of person, and of mind—
"Hail LIBERTY forever!"

NEW YEAR'S SALUTATION.

My brethren tell me now what cheer
You have when entering this new year?
Does praise employ your heart & tongue,
Or are your harps on willows hung?
The great majority replies,
"Our songs are fewer than our *sighs:*
And yet our leanness we deplore,
Because we grieve for sin no more."
Ah! are you in a foreign land,
And weep near Babel's cheerless strand?
I feel to sympathise with you,
For there I've often languished too.
"Our foes approach us here with scorn,
While sitting silent and forlorn,
With *iron* hearts and scoffing tongue,
They bid us sing *a Zion song.*
But how shall we in realms remote,
Attempt to raise a cheerful note?
The only comfort we can feel,
Is to remember Zion still.
Tho' friends forsake, though foes abuse,
Tho' our right hands their cunning lose,
Though persecutions rise and flame,
We can't forget Jerusalem."
Hail then ye wandering mourning saints,
No longer utter sad complaints,
But let your confidence be staid
On Christ your *life* and *light* and *head*

He once a "man of sorrows" too,
Traversed this lower world like you,
Without a place to lay his head,
Though beasts and birds, could find a bed,
He Satan's fierce temptations bore:
And triumphed in the trying hour.
By foes abused by friends denied,
And by the *rabble* crucified,
Yet from the dead he life regains,
And now in worlds of triumph reigns.
Behold the ancient worthies too,
All wandering pilgrims once like you;
Now clothed in white with harp in hand,
They on the mount of Zion stand.
No changing time with them appears;
No closing nor beginning years;
Eternity still rolls in view,
With songs forever—ever new.
Take down your harps and join the strains
That tell how Jesus lives and reigns,
And highest notes of music raise,
To dying love and reigning grace.
May God protect you every where,
And guard and guide you thro' the year,
And prove in life and death your friend;
And lead you to your journeys end:
Till entering your eternal rest,
Amid that host of spirits blest,
With conq'ers palm, and harp in hand,
You round the throne of glory stand.

LINES, *Addressed to* Wm. Garrard, *of England.*

A distance of four thousand miles
  Between us intervene—
Columbia's coast—Britania's Isles,
  With ocean spread between.
Yet thought with more than lightning speed
  Flies o'er the rolling sea;
'Tis then in Leic'ster's walks I tread,
  And share your company.
And in this mental interview
  Though fancy plays her part;
Yet thank the Lord, one thing is true,
  We meet and join in heart:
Located in far distant lands,
  Our breasts with friendship swell;
'Tis thus we take each other's hands,
  And wish each other well.
But there's a better land they say,
  (That land our portion be,)
"Where former things are pass'd away,"
  And where there's "no more sea."
The saints of Europe shall one day
  Meet *there* a kindred band,
From Asia, and from Africa,
  And from Columbia's land.

LIFE A FAILURE.

"My life has been a failure;"
  A capitalist cried,

"Tis true I've heap'd up riches,
But lost all else beside.
Ah! self-accusing conscience—
Tis on this rack I'm toss'd;
My life has proved a failure,
And at fearful cost."
I, startled when I heard him,
And turning from the sound,
The same was loud re-echoed,
From ev'ry region sound.
From monarch down to peasant,
When at the point to die,
"My life has been a failure"
I heard the million cry.
"My life has been a failure
(An infidel—'tis he*)
"I threaten'd crushing Jesus,
But now he crushes me."
The scene was so terrific,
His comrades ev'ry one,
Fled from the haunted chamber,
And left the wretch alone,
"My life has been a failure,"

---

*Voltaire's motto in life was, "Crush Christ," crush the wretch &c. When he came to die his forebodings were so frightful his infidel associates fled and left him alone.

(A wounded Hero's cry†
"I've grac'd the courts of Europe,
But now obscurely die."
How many faded laurels,
Lie round the warrior's Grave,
Sic transit Gloria mundi,‡
Is written o'er the brave.
"My life has been a failure,
(An Epicurean groans,)
My wife died broken hearted,
And ruined are my sons,
I'll chase away my sorrows,
I can't endure the gloom,"
Then drank a glass of brandy,
And stagger'd to the tomb.
"My life has been a failure"
('Tis from a female tongue)
"I once was gay, and witty,
And beautiful, and young."
Now faded pale, and hagged,
And hollow—sunken ey'd;
She gaz'd upon her mirror,
Then turn'd away and died,

†Count Donop, who died of a wound in the time of the American Revolution, said to an officer sent to condole with him, "I have shone in the Courts of Europe, and am now dying in the house of an obscure Quaker."

‡So passes away the glory of this world.

O! what a chill of horror,
Through all my senses ran—
And one who then address'd me,
Seemed something more than man,
"These solemn admonitions,
Remember if you please,
Lest life should prove a failure
With thee, as well as these.
But there are some unnoticed—
Now turn your eyes and view:"
I turn'd as he requested,
And saw a scatt'ring few:
They left the world behind them,
They said its gold was dross—
Their cry was "life eternal;"
All else they counted loss.
"Now" (said my kind instructor;)
"These are the only wise;
All other men are cheated,
With vanity and lies:
Though ignorance assail them,
With persecution rife;
That life is not a failure,
That wins eternal life."

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